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A

LEGACY for the Ladies.

OR,

CHARACTERS

OF THE

Women of the Age.

By the late Ingenious Mr. Thomas Brown.

WITH A

Comical VIEW of *London* and *Westminster:* Or, The Merry Quack; wherein Physick is Rectified for both the *Beaus* and *Ladies.* In Two Parts. The First Part by Mr. *Tho. Brown*: The Second Part by Mr. *Edw. Ward*, Author of the *London-Spy*, &c.

To which is prefixt,

The *CHARACTER* of Mr. *Tho. Brown*, and his Writings, Written by Dr. *Drake.*

LONDON, Printed by *H. Meere*, for *S. Briscoe*, and Sold by *J. Nutt*, near *Stationers-Hall.* 1705.

†‡† The First and Second Volumes of Miscellanious Works, written by *George* late Duke of *Buckingham*; containing *Poems*, *Satyrs*, *Letters*, the *Farce* of *Segmoor Fight*, the compleat *Key* to the *Rehearsal*, a *Conference* between the *Duke* and Father *Fitz-Gerrard*, an *Irish* Priest: With several Speeches in Parliament by the late Duke of *Buckingham*, and other Lords and Commoners. Sold by *J. Nutt.*

Tr. R.
B881LE

TO

Madam Dorathea Hubert.

MADAM,

THIS *Piece was intended for you by the Deceas'd Mr.* Brown, *who in the latter part of his Life, how negligent ſoever he might formerly have been, was reſolv'd to Dedicate his* laſt Labour *to the Service of* Vertue; *and therefore this Book deſcends to you, as the* laſt Legacy *of a Gentleman, who had no other way of ſhewing the Reſpect he bore you, than by putting his* laſt

Work *under your Protection. I,* Madam, *who am in this particular, the Executor of his* Will, *do that now out of Obligation, which any Man might be proud to do of Choice.*

The Original Author of this Piece, thought it worthy the Patronage of a Princess of the Royal Blood of France; *but we,* Madam, *less Ostentatious, tho' not less Ambitious, prefer* Vertue *to* Titles. *Though if Noble Blood were requir'd, I should not seek further than your Self for it, whose Family has from amongst your Ancestors, given Chief Justices and Chancellors*

to

to the Law, Ministers to the State, Peers to the Realm, and Prelates to the Church, whose Nobility was grown Ancient before most of theirs, who now lay Claim to it, began. Hubert de Burge, *Chief Justice and Chancellor of* England, *and Earl of* Kent, *was Wise, Stout, Loyal, and very Learned in the Law; and as well a good Patriot to his Country, as a good Subject to his Prince, which procur'd him those Honours which few have arrived at, and fewer have deserv'd.*

I might enlarge upon the Number of Great Men your

Family has produc'd, and mention two Bishops, and another Chief Justice; Men whose Learning, Piety, and Probity render'd 'em the Ornaments of their Country. But it is not their Vertue, *but your own, that brings you this Address. None but a Lady of your strict* Vertue, *could be a proper Patroness for Rules so severe as are here laid down. This Book was intended as a Piece of Practical Morality, and tho' it is particularly inscrib'd to your Sex, yet it contains Lessons equally good for ours, and wherein we may find our own Vanities as severely corrected,*

cted, as those of the Ladies. The Author was himself severe; and Mr. Brown, *in his latter Time, was far from a Humour to indulge greater Liberties, or to relax any thing of the Severity of his Discipline.*

This, Madam, *made it necessary to Address to one of your exemplary* Vertue, *and clear* Understanding. *One of less Exactness or Judgment, might have thought this, which is a sort of Directory to the Sex, to make their Conduct irreproachable in the World, a Satyr upon the Sex, and perhaps a Reflection upon her own Con-*

duct. But you, Madam, *who know that Rules are allow'd to be ſevere, tho' Cenſures ought to be tender; from the Regularity of your own Life, juſtify all which is here requir'd of a Modeſt, Pious, and Prudent Lady; and tho' ſome things contain'd in this Book, may ſeem too rigorous for the Humour of the preſent Age, yet if all Ladies had your* Vertue *and* Underſtanding, *none would complain the Conditions were hard, tho' the greateſt part of it would be then untrue, and all of it unneceſſary.*

Some Characters *may however ſeem to reflect upon the*

Sex,

Sex, and would be Libels, if ſpoken of the Ladies of this Nation; but they were written in France, *where Gallantry, as it is call'd by them, is eſteem'd the chief Accompliſhment, and Coquetry, clearly carried the Perfection of* Female Prudence. *Tho' this be not ſo much the Infirmity of the Ladies of our Nation, yet Mr.* Brown, *in his ſerious Conſiderations, thought he found too much Occaſion for ſober Precepts, and good Examples; and therefore thought at once of this Book; and you, of whom he had receiv'd ſo high a Character from a Siſter, whom he held*

moſt

most Dear, he was resolv'd therefore to propose this to their Reading, and you to their Imitation; of which, if they made right Use, he thought he had provided a sufficient Antidote against the Contagion of the Neighbouring Vanities of France; *and tho' he knew that the* Vertue *of our Ladies is as much superior to that of the* French, *as their Beauty, yet he thought he need abate nothing of the Rigor of these Precepts, since most are naturally too apt to soften 'em to their own Humour.*

I need not tell you this Book is much improved and

mended

mended by falling under the Hand it came laſt from: You, Madam, *know the Character of the Gentleman; and that few could come up to him in Wit or Learning. You that have ſo much Wit your ſelf, can never want a Value for his; and for this one Vertuous Attempt, will forgive all his* Juvenile *Eſcapes, which have come from him in meer* gaiete du Coeur, *ſince he had laid all that aſide for a profound Reſpect for your* Ladiſhip; *which he has, with the Care of this, tranſmitted to*, Madam,

Your moſt Devoted,
Humble Servant,

S. B.

A CHARACTER OF Mr. *Thomas Brown*, AND HIS Writings.

THE unfair and injurious Liberties that have been taken with Mr. *Brown*, ſince his Death, render it neceſſary, by a juſt *Character*, to remove that Load of Dirt and Ribbaldry, which have been thrown upon his Aſhes; and to vindicate his Wit and Learning from the rude Inſults of thoſe that have neither.

ther. *Oxford* was an early Witness of his extraordinary Genius, which he signaliz'd at *Christ-Church* whilst yet very Young, by divers Ode's, and Copies of excellent *Latin* Verses, and other extraordinary Exercises, many of which are extant in some of the Printed Exercises of that *University* upon publick Occasions, but under other Names; a Practice very frequent there, for the Youth of Wit and Learing to grace those of better Quality with their Productions, and especially necessary to Mr. *Brown*, whose Fortune obliged him to prefer Money (which he only wanted) to Reputation, of which he had enough. There is but one (that I remember) preserv'd with his own Name to it, which is Printed in the First Volume of the *Musæ Oxoniensis*, under the Title of *Soteria Ormondiana*; which tho' written while he was very Young, is equal to any Modern Ode whatsoever. This may suffice to give the

the Learned Reader a Taſte of the Delicacy of his *Latin* Poetry, which would his Fortune have allow'd him to have cultivated with due Care and Application, he might perhaps have excelled any Modern whomſoever in it.

By this Talent, and ſome witty Pieces in *Engliſh*, which becauſe *Ludicrous*, tho' ingenious, and ſuch as are not only excuſed, but admir'd in Youth, he took no Care to preſerve, he became Famous in the Univerſity. But the Diſadvantages of a narrow Fortune, and an Education in a private Country-Shcool, which intituled him to no Accademical Preferment, would not ſuffer him to continue very long there, where the Expence was like to be too great for him, and the Proſpect of Preferment too little. From thence he came to Town, without any other Recommendation, than a ſtock of Wit and Learning ſufficient

to

to have advanc'd him to much better Fortune than he ever lived to ſee. His Wit ſoon procur'd him a numerous Acquaintance here, who being greater Admirers, and more competent Judges of that, than of his Learning, made him more Oſtentatious of it, and perhaps think it the ſurer Recommendation. His Converſation was always pleaſant and entertaining, ſeldom ſerious, but like his Humour, which was negligent and chearful, fitter for Company than Buſineſs, which made it very much coveted by thoſe who knew no other Uſe of Time, than to paſs it away agreeably. By theſe he was much eſteem'd and cheriſh'd; and as they were the moſt fond of him, ſo they were the moſt agreeable to his Temper, which was naturally averſe to Buſineſs and ſevere Thinking, ſo it's probable, if his Fortune had been eaſier, the World had ſeen leſs of his Writing. But thoſe merry Companions that robb'd

robb'd him of his Time, were not the Men that could provide for his Subſiſtance: A Jeſt and a merry Tale, tho' they might ſometimes pay for his Wine, would not find Cloaths and Lodging: For thoſe, he was forced to have Recourſe to his Pen; his Wit and Learning being the only Revenue he had to ſubſiſt upon. The firſt Piece which made him known to the Town, was an Account of the Converſion of Mr. *Bayes*, in a Dialogue, which met with a Reception ſuitable to the Wit, Spirit, and Learning of it.

But this, tho' it brought him abundance of Reputation, did not add much to his Subſtance; for tho' it made his Company exceedingly coveted, and might have recommended him to the Great, as well as to the Ingenious, yet he was of an Humour not to chuſe his Acquaintance by his Intereſt, and ſlighted ſuch an Opportunity then, as others, by im-

proving Wiſely, have riſen to great Dignities and Preferment by.

The Stile of this Dialogue was like that of his ordinary Converſation, lively and facetious, and the Matter full of ſound Argument and fine Learning, but managed according to his natural Temper, with a great deal of Humour, and in a Burleſque way, which make both the Reaſoning and the Reading, which are abundantly ſhewn in 'em, extreamly ſurprizing and agreeable. The ſame Manner and Humour runs through all his Writings, whether Dialogues, Letters, or Poems; of all which kinds of Writings, he has left behind him not a few. The only conſiderable Objection, which the Criticks have made to his Writings, is, That ſome of 'em have thought they wanted Delicacy, not conſidering, that Delicacy is not the Character of Humour, and perhaps ſcarce conſiſtent with it. But

in

in anſwer to this, it may be affirm'd, that there is as much Delicacy in his Writings as the Nature of humorous Satyr, which is the chief Beauty of his Works, will admit; which requiring ſtrong Ideas, will ſometimes unavoidably have 'em hard too. But that Delicacy which they ſo much require, by too much ſoftening the Colours, weakens the Drawing. Others have complain'd, that his Writings are unequal, a Fault that no Man that hath writ much, ever avoided, not *Homer*, *Horace*, or *Virgil* themſelves excepted. That this was not his Fault, beyond the unavoidable Condition of Humanity, is apparent from the Equality of his Dialogues, of which the Second and Third Part of Mr. *Bayes*'s Converſion, are not inferior to the Firſt; nor were they worſe received in the World; a Fate which has befallen few Second and Third Parts. The ſame may be ſaid of his other Dialogues, in which

kind of Writing, no *English*-Man has hitherto excell'd him, perhaps few will hereafter equal. His Letters, tho' written loosly, and in a careless way to private Friends, bare the true Stamp and Image of their Author, and the same Humour and Spirit runs through 'em. The Variety of his Learning, may be seen in the *Lacedæmonian Mercury*, where abundance of Critical Questions of great Nicety are answer'd with a great deal of Solidity and Judgment, as well as Wit and Humour. But that Design exposing him too much for his Humour to the Scruples of the Grave, and to the Curiosity of the Impertinent, he continued not that Design long. Even the least and lightest of all his Writings, which under the borrowed Name of *Silvester Partridge*, he published by the Name of the *Infallible Astrologer*, partake of the same universal Spirit and Humour which animates all his other Writings; and nothing could be a more effectual and

handsome

handſome Satyr upon the Folly and Credulity of the Town, which run Mad after the *Weather Prophet*, the *Milan Almanack*, and other ſuch Impoſtors. Nor can there be a clearer Evidence of his unimitable Manner in this way of Writing, than that this very Deſign was afterward continued by one who hath been thought to have no mean Talent of Humour, and whoſe Writings have on that Score been very well receiv'd; yet, without affronting that Gentleman's Performance, the Copy has been thought no more to rival the Original, than a *Kite* does an *Eagle*; but perhaps one, and that the main Reaſon, why Mr. *Brown* has been charged with Inequality in his Writings, is; that moſt of the Anoninous things that took with the Town, were fathered upon him.

This, tho' an Injury in Reality to him, is a plain Demonſtration of

the Univerſality of his Reputation, when whatever pleaſed from an unknown Hand, was aſcribed to him: And thus he came to be the reputed Author of many things very unworthy of him. In Poetry, he was not the Author of any long piece; of which, if any be found leſs correct than might be expected from a Man of his Judgment and Learning, it muſt be imputed to his being unambitious of a Reputation in that kind; however, that Negligence is abundantly recompenced by the Richneſs of his Fancy. His Poems are moſt of 'em Imitations of Antiquity, and ſo called by him, but generally ſo improved under his Hands, they may juſtly be eſteem'd Originals. They were generally Odes, Satyrs, or Epigrams, and tho' moſt of 'em be admirable, and ſome almoſt inimitable, yet perhaps they are not much out in their Judgment, who think his Poetry not the beſt part of his Works.

Of

Of his Profe Tranflations, much need not be faid; they were many, and of various kinds; but in general, thus much, that he was juft to his Authors, and underftood *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French* excellently well, which were the Languages out of which he Tranflated; nor was he ignorant of the *Italian* and *Spanifh*. His *Englifh* was pure, his Stile ftrong and clear; and if he was not fo nice in the Choice of his Authors as might be expected from a Man of his Tafte, he muft be excufed, becaufe doing thofe things for his Subfiftance, he did not confult his own Liking fo much as his Bookfellers, and took fuch as they offered the beft Price for. Nor can he be blamed for this, fince Fortune having provided no other way for him to Live by, Prudence directed him to prefer the Drudgery of moft Gain, before a more fpecious one of Plaufe, and taught him not to barter his

Eaſe and Profit for the Reputation of being Nice.

To ſum up all, if he cannot be called one of our beſt Poets, he was undeniably one of our greateſt Genius's; and tho' ſome may have excelled him in ſome Particulars, ſcarce any one has reached him in all. It was his Misfortune to appear upon the Stage of the World when Fears and Jealouſies had four'd the Peoples Blood, and Politicks, and Polemicks had almoſt driven Mirth and good Humour out of the Nation; ſo that that careleſs gay Humour and negligent, chearful Wit, which in former Days of Tranquility would have made him the Delight of Princes, was in a quarrelſome contentious Time, loſt upon a parcel of thoughtleſs Men, whom either want of Intereſt or Ambition rendred uncapable of ſerving themſelves or others.

Theſe

Theſe, becauſe they did not like ſome things that were at that time done, or becauſe they did not care a Farthing what was done, poſſeſſed themſelves firſt of Mr. *Brown*, as a Man whoſe Converſation was the beſt of their Entertainment; and he on the other Hand, who aimed at nothing more than living pleaſantly, indulged his own Humour amongſt 'em; and living at his Eaſe, without Care, ſought no farther. Thus, tho' in his firſt Dialogue, he was ſo happy both in the Choice of his Subject, and in the Execution, as to be read and known by Name to the Ingenious of all Ranks and Conditions; yet he was ſo regardleſs of his own Intereſt, as ſcarce to make himſelf known by Face to any Body about the Court, where his Work was at that time in the higheſt Eſteem. But this careleſs Humour, which loſt him that Opportunity, followed him through the whole

Courſe

Courſe of his Life, and ſubmitted him to ſome undeſerved ill Uſage and Inſults, and gave Courage to petty Scriblers, who envied his Merit, to arraign him upon his Fortune, who yet were never ſo proud as when their Trifles were by ill Judges taken for his; and took a Pride in attacking him, tho' they never got more by their Performance, than the Reputation of as little Manners and Probity, as Wit.

Some of theſe things have been publiſhed on him ſince his Death, with as little Foundation of Truth as Wit in the Performance; the Authors of which have ſhewn but one Sign of Senſe, which is, that they have ſuppreſſed their Names.

The

The Contents of Mr. *Brown*'s Legacy to the Ladies; or, Characters of the Woman of the Age.

THE Character of a Wanton Woman, page 1.

The Character of a Modest Woman, p. 9.

The Character of a pretended Godly Woman, p. 15.

The Character of a Religious Woman, p. 25.

The Character of a Witty Woman, p. 31.

The Character of a Prudent Woman, p. 37.

The Character of a House-Wife, or a Penurious Woman, p. 48.

The Character of a Good House-Wife, p. 50.

The Character of a Gaming Woman, p. 54.

The Character of a Diligent Woman, p. 61.

The Character of a Litigious Woman, p. 66.

The Character of a Quiet Woman, p. 72.

The Character of Self-Love; or, the Predominant Passion of Women; by Mr. Brown, p. 77.

The Contents *of the First Part of the* Comical View *of* London *and* Westminster, the first Part; *by Mr.* Tho. Brown, p. 109.

The Merry Quack; or, Physick Rectified, for both the Beaus and Ladies; by Mr. Tho. Brown. p. 130.

The Contents of the Second Part of the Comical View *of* London *and* Westminster; *by Mr.* Edw. Ward, *Author of the* London Spy, *&c.* p. 151.

The Character of a True-Born Dutch *Skipper, a Poem; by Mr.* Edward Ward, p. 176.

The Character of a Welsh-Man, *a Poem; by Mr.* Edward Ward, p. 181.

A Satyr upon a Fart, Written by an Irish-Man, p. 187.

The Character of a Barren Adultress, a Poem; by Mr. Edward Ward, p. 192.

A Catalogue of Books, just Published, and in the Press; Sold by John Nutt, *near* Stationers Hall.

THE First Volume of *Miscellaneous* Works, Written by his Grace, *George*, late Duke of *Buckingham*. Printed from the Original Papers, containing Poems on several Subjects, Epistles, Characters, Pindaricks, the Militant Couple, a Dialogue; and the Farce upon *Segmoor*-Fight; with Letters by and to the Duke of *Buckingham*, by Persons of Quality. Also State-Poems on the late Times, by Mr. *Dryden*, Sir *George Etheredge*, Sir *Fleetwood Sheppard*, Mr. *Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*, Earl of *D*---, Mr. *Congreve*, Mr. *Otway*, Mr. *Brown*, Capt. *Ayloffe*, &c. With the late Duke of *Buckingham*'s Speeches in the *House of Lords*, upon Conference with the *Commons*. To which is added, A Collection of Speeches in both Houses of Parliament, by several Noble Peers and Commeners in three late Reigns; and some Speeches in Time of the Usurpation of the Kump and *Oliver Cromwell*.

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the Marquess of *Hallifax*, the Duke of *B*——, the Earl of *Shaftsbury*, the Lord Chief Justice *Treby*, the Earl of *Rochester*, the Earl of *Dorset*, Sir *George Etheredge*, Sir *Charles Sedley*, Mr. *Cowley*, Mr. *Dryden* and Captain *Ayloffe*, Revis'd and Corrected by Mr. *Brown*.

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ber, *November*, *December*, *January*, *February*, and *March*, written by Mr. *Tho. Brown*.

Advice to the *Kentish* Long-tails: A Poem. By the same Hand.

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The

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CHA

CHARACTERS

OF

Women, &c.

By *Mr.* Tho. Brown.

The Character of a Wanton *Woman.*

THAT which we call *Gallantry*, is a fond Relish of the World, and of its Pleasures in general; and this Spirit is born with the *Female Sex*. Their natural Temper contributes much to Foppery,

their Education confirmes it, and ſo renders the Folly entire. *Civility* indeed poliſhes it, and that is the beſt *Miſtreſs* beſtowed upon it. By I know not what unhappy Fate, the very Care, that Art takes of that *Sex*'s Perfections, deſtroys it: So ſoon as a *Girl* learns to ſpeak, ſhe is taught *pretty things*, but few that are *uſeful*: Her firſt Steps are directed for Dancing, and to avoid the Trouble and Labour of making her a *Vertuous Perſon*, her Friends are contented to make her a *Fine Woman*; ſhe is only taught the Art of *Pleaſing*, but not of *Living* well.

People wonder now a Days at the *looſe* Behaviour and *Wantonneſs* of Women; for my part I wonder as much at them; for what can they expect of Perſons thus Educated? Their natural Diſpoſitions incline them to a ſoft and eaſy Life, and to agreeable things: Their Beauty creates Self-Love; and inſtead of deſtroying this Effeminate *Tendency*, they are ſupply'd with divers modiſh Vices, that ſtrengthen the ill Habit, and makes 'em only take the more Delight in it.

A young Woman knows her *Religion* only by her *Catechiſm*; the *Sciences* only by Name, and *Vertue* only in *Idea*. She underſtands *Muſick* to a Nicety, but knows nothing of the real and good Intentions of it. She plays at all ſorts of *Games*, and reads no other

Books

Books, but what are fitter to corrupt, than instruct her. And what will be the Consequence of this first Mismanagement? An Aversion to all that is *Good*, for want of knowing what it is; a Dislike of *commendable* things, for want of understanding them, and a Spirit of *Contempt* and Envy produc'd by Ignorance, which makes those Women, who know nothing, but what she her self is, and is possessed, but with what she knows her self, gives up her whole Time to the Care of Pleasing, and bestows all her Praises on her own *Maxims*. These are the Consequences of mis-imploy'd *Youth*, which has receiv'd no other Instructions, but such as make it still the more in Love with it self, and less acquainted with it self. It frames a Scheme of *Perfections* suitable to its own proper Pallate, and the Custom of the Age: It is from such Models that Women, take a *Draught* of their Conduct and Actions; and the Result of all this is an unhappy, tho' general Confusion in their Understanding and Deportment.

Vanity is so imprinted in the Minds of Women, that nothing less than a supernatural Hand can totally efface it. It is a prudent *Intention* to deprive them of the Sense of true *Knowledge*, but an ill Effect is all the Fruit of that good *Design*, to prevent their falling into the Pride of the *Half-learned*, they are led into the Paths of *Ignorance*, *Pride* and *Affectation*; and firmly believe, that to under-

ſtand the *World*, is in them as great a Talent, as the profoundeſt Learning in Men; and that their *Perfections* conſiſt in nothing more, than in being skill'd in the ways of *pleaſing* Men; and therefore they make it their whole Application. A Woman reads with no other Deſign, than but to inform her ſelf of others *Intreagues*, and from thence to know better, how to manage her own: She dreſſes her ſelf, not with an Intention to be more Charming, but to Charm more Men, and think it a Diminution to their Beauty, to make but one Conqueſt, tho' it be never ſo conſiderable; and deſign not to fix themſelves inviolably on *One*, but to gain *Many*, being much better pleas'd in the Croud of their *Lovers*, than with the Reality of *Love*.

They ſtudy their Looks, (many of their *Charms* being but the *Convulſions* of their Eyes) and which agrees beſt with them, they preſer, and all this is manag'd with a wonderful *Art*: They frequently add with Deſign to their *Charms*, that which *Nature* had refuſed them with Juſtice. Finally they conſult all the pre external Advantages, in order to attract Love; and theſe Deſigns are of ſo large an Extent, that they no ſooner find they pleaſe one *Subject*, but they are ready to pleaſe others alſo; and every new *Conqueſt* inflames 'em ſtill with a Deſire of extending their Victories yet farther; and the Vanity of their Deſires continues, tho' the Power

Power to pleaſe has been long ſince extinguiſh'd.

The *Employment* of a vain Woman is very ſingular; ſhe is idle, tho' perpetually in Action: From Morning till Night their Thoughts are on what they love; they ſpeak to all they meet, tho' they have nothing to ſay to 'em: The Exteriour of Acquaintance is all they aim at; and affect Familiarity, to be thought worthy of *Friendſhip*. As they *Chatter* only to prevent the Cenſure of Stupidity, ſo the *Lapdog*, *Monky*, and *Squiril* are as copious Subjects of their *Wit* and *Railery*, as any of the Neighbours, as frequent Objects of their tendereſt Careſſes, their moſt endearing Language, and their moſt ſolid Satisfaction. Their *Ignorance* neceſſitates 'em to this ridiculous Diverſion; for as they admire nothing but themſelves, ſo vertuous Converſation wou'd put 'em out of Countenance, and a ſerious Reflection make 'em *Diſtracted*.

But alas! their Conduct reſts not here, in time that continual Idleneſs grows tedious; yet being unwilling to ſhake it quite off, and in the room of it, take ſome *profitable* Employment unknown to them, they indulge themſelves in irregular Deſires; and this leads them to baſe and dangerous Attempts. The *Affections* of their Hearts being the Rule they go by, they employ their whole Minds in the Satisfaction, they procure to themſelves, and ſhutting their Ears to the Voice of Duty

and Reaſon, they ſtudy but to pleaſe their predominant *Paſſions*, and to render their Minds the Inſtruments of the Diſorders of their Hearts: For as they have an equal Share of Natural Parts with the Men, (only with this Difference, that they are not ſo rightly applied) the *Witty Wanton* pleaſes more, deceives much better, and is not one Grain the more improv'd by it; for *Wit* is the moſt dangerous Weapon when ill applied, and taken off of good and worthy Subjects, to exerciſe ſuch vicious Uſes as perverts it.

Yet this is what moſt *Women* do; a quick Apprehenſion ſerves but to render them more inconſtant; Solidity makes them more Crafty; Penetration makes them more Satyrical, and all thoſe *Defects* make them more Proud, and fitter Objects of our Scorn and Contempt; which is the only juſt Reward of their imaginary Merits. They are commonly valued proportionable to the Duration of their Affections, that is, for a Moment. Their Beauties ſurpriſe us, their Wit engages us, and their Defects drive us away again. A Thouſand pleaſing *Toyes* draw Men to them, and as many Reaſons make them be avoided by 'em; Volupteouſneſs intices Men on again, and Wiſdom perſwades him to make no ſtay with them, and to make Men to entertain them more through *Flattery*, then real *Application*.

A *Wanton* or *Loose* Woman runs her self into all sorts of Extreams; *Prodigality* accompanies all her Expences, and *Covetousness* attends all her Frugality; for Vertue having no share in her Conduct, she can never entertain a just *Medium* in any thing. If she Loves, tho' but for a Minute, it borders upon Fury. If she Hates, it will last longer, I confess, but sooner or latter always terminates in Revenge. If she Wishes, it is with insatiable Desires. If she fears, her Apprehensions are without Bounds. Yet notwithstanding this prodigious Heap of dreadful Qualities, she is pleasing, and her Air, her Ways, her Beauty, *&c.* seduce Men, and enslave them to their false Merits. But in Requital, a Woman frequently pays severely for those Impositions, and the Love she inspires; for it being wholly grounded on Interest, as its Cause, commonly it happens, that the Fruit of such Commerce, is the Mine of the Man's Fortune sometimes, but always of the Woman's Reputation; and as she has not render'd the Man really happy, neither has he increas'd much her Riches, and being both disgusted of their Familiarity, they share betwixt them Sorrow and Regret, which are the usual Results of a wild illegitimate Passion. Seriously, if those light Women did but once examine their Conduct with some Grains of Reason, they would not complain of any Misfortune that happen'd to

them, but employ themſelves to correct thoſe Defects; and tho' their Natural Tendency, their ill Education, and their bad Habits muſt render the Change of their Manners very difficult; yet by Degrees however they would attain to a true Reliſh of good things. Religion and Honour would no longer prove defective, the Satisfaction of being eſteem'd and rightly valued would ſucceed in the place of Pleaſing; for Vertue is honour'd wherever it is found, whether preſerv'd by Wiſdom, or reſtor'd by Reaſon, and with Juſtice they would obtain that Reſpect, Value and Eſteem, which is refus'd them on any other Terms, while they are thus advis'd. Let Modeſty inſtruct them alſo, if they are willing to embrace her Dictates.

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The *Modest* Woman.

THERE are Duties of Honour, as well as Religion, and it is in those that *Modesty* gives us the best Lessons; it requires that all the Actions of Women be accompanied with Decency; that they be Born bashful, Live with Circumspection, and Die with Wisdom; that their youthful Days be adorn'd with Innocence, their riper Years be endow'd with Purity, and that their whole Conduct conclude with an happy and laudable Simplicity.

Modesty is not morose; that which it prescribes, is just and natural; it requires but Regularity and Perfection, and whoever rejects her, abandons Honour and Vertue. When a Woman, whose Heart is affected with Worldly Pleasures, abandons the Rules that Modesty prescribes, wherein Honour rests secure, she is soon made sensible of the Dangers, wherein her Negligence has led her; and her best Course is, to hasten her Return into the forsaken Path, that her natural Constitution inclin'd her to leave.

There are some Inclinations so excellent, as to put us on our Duties without Reluctancy; but such a natural Propensity is very rare, and there are but very few Minds endowed with so happy a Temper, without Information, and

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that walk in the Paths of Vertue, without any other Guide than their own Reason.

It is only to those Women, to whom natural Weakness, Tendency, and Opportunity appear invincible Obstacles, that Modesty gives Rules. It requires, that an habitual and modest external Behaviour suppress those unruly Motions of the Mind, that are bred by *Self-love*; that an evil Example may touch, but not move. That Beauty adorn without Flattery; that Joy never appear without a Restraint, and that it be more easy to be instructed, than pleas'd. For a Woman, that makes her Duty her Study, has less Regard to her own Worth, than to the Means of becoming worthier; and as she is possess'd with a Desire to Learning, she is not contented with the bare *Idea* of Knowing; she is more apt to judge her self guilty of an Error, than Praise-worthy for any good Action. This is that happy Application, hat is produc'd by Fear and Desire, unto which a Woman should give her self entirely up; then would that Tendency she still retains for vainer *things*, soon vanish, when she begins to taste the Sweets of *Good*; for the chief Difficulty of Perfection, proceeds from a certain Tiresomness, we find in persevering in good Manners. To cure the Disorders of the Mind, there is required a regular, wise, and modest Conduct, that never varies: It is very difficult for a vicious Mind to justify its

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Character againſt a vertuous Regularity, and a ſpontaneous Reſervedneſs. His Perſeverance in good Actions, that Modeſty impoſes Laws. As the Firmneſs of a good Reſolution makes a Man's Merit, the Continuance of a diſcreet Conduct makes the Praiſe of a Woman's; for it is as difficult for a Woman never to ſtep out of the way of her Duty, either through her own Temper, or through ſome tempting Occaſion, as it is difficult for a Man never to alter his Opinion, either through Paſſion or Neceſſity; but the way to attain to that noble Conſtancy is by Modeſty, which renders it profitable, when it reſtrains the too great Freedom that Youth uſurps, the great Familiarity of pleaſant Illecebrations, the great continual Frequentation of Balls and Feaſts; and for a more particular Difference of her Will, when ſhe denies her ſelf all that does oppoſe a noble Regularity, ſuch a one, as requires a Woman, not to lend an Ear to doubtful Expreſſions, to ambiguous ways of ſpeaking on certain Matters of Gallantry, nor to diſcourſe with certain ſorts of Perſons. No Looks beyond their Limits; Regard muſt be had to Time and Place, to give a Looſe to ones Eyes; no loud or ſudden Laughter muſt break forth, and the Subject that tempts it, muſt be common in its Effects; no looſe and eaſy Poſture, tho' Conveniency may invite them to it; no new ways of Dreſſes; no Matches of Diverſion in Maſquerade;

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no Friends, but ſuch as are wiſe; no Enemies but the Wicked. Finally, no Eyes for her own Vertues, nor Ears, nor Tongue for her own Praiſes. This is the right way to begin a glorious Life, and to continue it without Cenſure, and I may ſay too without Envy, but not without Satisfaction and Pleaſure.

But the greateſt part of Women want theſe Means, and the Courſes they commonly take, are neither ſuch as Honour dictates, or Modeſty requires. Theſe being oppoſite to Vanity and Voluptuouſneſs; a Woman rather chuſes to abate of her Modeſty, than to retrench any thing of her Self-Love: That is the Cauſe ſhe lays not aſide ſo many Circumſtances of Ceremonies, ſo many Niceties, which are condemn'd by Modeſty, as Conferences with ſingle Men, a nice Examination of Mens external Parts, the Preheminence in Aſſemblies, the Accounts given of her own Inclinations, her diligent Examination of others Humours, her Facility in Blaming, her Difficulty to approve, and the Liberty ſhe takes to impoſe, order and command People in Places, and on ſuch things, which have not been committed to her Care. If a Woman was but an exact Performer of her incumbent Duties, ſhe would not be ſo apt to ſet her ſelf forth in publick, nor ſo peeviſh at home; Modeſty would incline her to embrace Retiredneſs;

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ſhe would be ſenſible of the Contentments, that Solitude and Privac y affords, and would dread the Troubles and Inconveniencies that Tumults and Confuſions bring along with them. It is in ſuch Hurry, that we are apt to ſlip into Irregularities; great Companies diſtract us even to Forgetfulneſs, and the ſevereſt Reſtraint deſtroy it ſelf by frequent Meetings, and when a Woman is accuſtomed to the ſight of new Faces: For Women love to be flatter'd, which is moſt us'd by thoſe, that have the leaſt Acquaintance with them. The Want of knowing their Imperfections is the Reaſon that they are more readily prais'd; but this Incenſe ſo pleaſing to their Self-Love cauſes them to be ſlighted in divers Reſpects, and they commonly are to the flattering Approbation of one ſingle Perſon, an Hundred Defects that are obvious to all the World beſides.

When once a Woman is ſo far infatuated with Self-Love, as to ſhake Hands with her Modeſty, ſhe becomes the moſt dangerous and ungovernable Monſter that is; her Pride puts every Action, every Word, nay every Incident and Circumſtance, how Minute ſo ever, into falſe Lights: Every uncommon Civility ſhe looks upon as Adoration, and the moſt notorious Flattery for Truth. She is violent in all ſhe ſays or does; her Eſteem is but ſhort, her Hatred implacable: A dubious Anſwer ſhe thinks contume-

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ly; a cold Salute, an unpardonable Affront. Nothing can be right, but what bear the Stamp of her Approbation; no Person well bred, but what pay their Homage to her. To offer to take the Upper-hand of her, is a mortal Sin; her arrogant Looks Crow-beat her Equals; and her haughty Carriage spurns her Inferiours. Those whom a distinguish'd Rank place above her, she shuns more than the Plague, and even her Pride makes her glorious Amends, for she believes her Accomplishments merit that Grandeur, which the others possess; nor will she allow it them, but as conferr'd upon 'em, not only unreasonably, but even by a meer Mistake too. Whatever Obligation she receives, she takes it as a Debt paid, not a Favour conferr'd, because her Pride will not let her own, she stood in Need of any Body. She forgets her Duties towards her Neighbours, and her Pride conceals from her those Obligations she has to others, so that attributing to her self through an ill grounded Opinion of her own Worth, those Honours and Respects that she deserves not, she has no Regard for any thing but her self, and neglects all those Duties, which Modesty directs her to perform towards others. You'll frequently see her fail in the common Civilities us'd at Meetings, in the conversing Part, and at the taking Leave; Not regarding that the Infractions of the Laws of Civility frequently turn to the De-

ſtruction of Charity, and that there is but very little Diſtance betwixt Diſ-ſatisfaction and Hatred. Therefore a rational Woman is of an accompliſh'd Exactneſs in the meaneſt Duties, that Modeſty and Civility requires in Relation to others; and bidding Adieu to Foppery, ſhe wholly applies her ſelf ſo to order her Conduct, as that it may be Blameleſs as well in the meaneſt, as in the greateſt things.

A pretended *Godly* Woman.

A False Devotion is the most dangerous of all Crimes, and the most common of all Defects; sometimes Men use it for Reasons of State and Interest; but Women commonly on the Account of Pride and Self-Love. A false Piety has divers Motives that engage Women on its part; it is easy, fortunate, and very successful. There is frequently no occasion to change Maxims, to step from a most licencious Life, to that which may appear the most retired; it is but shifting our Habits, and then all those things that were denied to our Pleasures before, become suitable to our Desires. Experience sets this so frequently before our Eyes, that we cannot wonder at the good Fortune of a great Number of Biggots of this Age. A Woman born with good Inclinations, educated in good Principles, that would live in the Freedom of agreeable Societies, and yet retain the Character of wise, needs but one thing to compare both at once. Hypocrisy will soon find her out a way to reconcile God and the World together, and to gratify her Self-Love, without Scandal to her Devotion. The World is in a strange Mistake on the Account of Religion: The Learned consider it in its most Sacred Mysteries: The Vulgar in

in those outward Shews, that it imposes on them; and *Women* in certain Practices, which they propose to themselves as *Laws*; by which they regulate the *Perfection* of their State. The Learned understand *Religion*, the Vulgar believe it, and *Women* spoil it: For the first seek it, the second follow it, and the last counterfeit it.

These *Women* busy themselves to pick out a parcel of *Maxims* suitable to their own Inclinations, on which *Choice* they frame a Scheme of their own, and the great *Love* they bear to those selected *Vertues*; causes them to neglect all the others. It is no matter amongst them, whether such or such a Lady is really *Charitable*, so she but appears to be a Lady of *Charity*. The bare Outside of *Religion* is sufficient for them; no matter tho' the Inside be quite opposite to their *Practices*.

They value not much to omit Duties of *Obligation*, provided the other Duties they perfer to these, be not very guilty in themselves, aud that there be but as much room left as will contain their *Excuses*, or others *Praises* of them. For it is the *Property* of *false Devotion*, to imbue the Mind with Pride, and make it pretend to *Humility*, while it is drowned in *Ostentation*, to undervalue and despise such things as are considerable in themselves, and prize inconsiderable things, as if they were of great

Moment. This is the Secret the Devil makes uſe of with *Women*; he makes them behold with Indifferency the Precepts of *Religion*, while they are wholly taken up with bare Scriptural Advices, and that they employ all their Care Night and Day to practiſe them. They will be very diligent to correct themſelves of ſome ſmall Defects, and negligent in Matters highly Criminal: They need not fear to feel the Preſſure of Sin, while they are ignorant of the Light of Grace, nor be concern'd that they apply themſelves to ſuch trivial things as ſuit beſt their *Characters*, while they neglect thoſe great *Myſteries* ſo neceſſary to their Salvation.

Mean time, under the uſeful Vail of an *Holy Appearance*, they remain ſafe, and repair in the Minds of People the ill Impreſſions that any Diſorder may have made, only by changing the Exterior, and adding *Hypocriſy* to the reſt of their *Errors*. By the laſt *Evil* all the former are blotted out, and by a regular Outſide, they endeavour to perſuade, that the Inward is pure and innocent. What a ſtrange *Error* it is to judge of a Perſon's Conduct by a ſeeming Devotion! Thoſe that juſtify a Bigot, are more apt to be deceived, than thoſe that condemn a *Libertine*.

A meer *Profeſſion* is no good Caution of *Honour* and *Vertue*. Thoſe that are moſt inlightned

inlightned, are the less deceived by those outward *Grimaces*, because they most distrust them; and all *Hypocrites* are suspected amongst rational Men. The *Simple* are deceived by the *Hypocrites*, but the *Hypocrites* are detected by the *Wise*, who do not easily pass by those three *Characters* which *Hypocrisy* imposes on them, so directly opposite to the Love we owe to God, and to our Neighbour, namely, *Pride*, *Cruelty*, and *Dissimulation*.

Through the Instigations of *Pride*, they assume an Authority over all others that are not of their Kidney, and some of them too are not exempt from their Insults; especially if they are not equal, at least to 'em in the respect of the *Congregations* and the *Glories* of an *Exterior Sanctity*. They usurp a *Right* of *Censuring* all the World, and make 'em fall short of their own *Devotion*, only to have a larger Scope of *Backbiting*. She robs her Family to fatten the *Sanctified Station*, and Cuckolds her Husband in the Fear of the Lord: Five a Clock *Prayers* are her Delight, and an *Evening Lecture* the happy *Consummation* of a Day well spent. She is constant at *Church*, but 'tis to be seen there; and bitterly inveighs against the Impious *Laziness* of the *Ungodly* Wretches that don't come thither.

Tho' the Outside appears so *Demure*, yet were the Soul to be seen, *Hell* was mine

A—— to it: However, God be praiſed their Actions give us to underſtand, that it is a Mercy not to ſee a thing ſo frightful. Speak againſt her *Teachers*, and ſhe foams at the Mouth; Pious Furies dance in her Eyes, and Two and Twenty Legions at leaſt ſwell her Breaſt: *Damnation* is your Lot to be ſure; and if it were not for the *Law*, ſhe would have the Leachery of *Murthering* you her ſelf: For nothing is more Cruel than an irritated *Bigot*.

As for *Diſſimulation*, 'tis the Baſis of their *Religion*, the formal *Cant* and *Turning up* of the *Eyes*, the frequent *Sighs* and *Sobbs*, the artificial *Hum's* and *Ha's*, the exegetical Motions of the *Handkerchief* and *Mouth*, are but the Superſtructure and Decorations of the *Hypocritical Temple*: By all theſe ſtudied Arts they impoſe upon the unthinking Mob, and exact, nay, ſometimes too, obtain freely a *Reputation* and *Character* that is by no means in the World their due.

As one of the Charms of *Greatneſs* and of *Riches*, is that Reſpect and Deference which they impoſe; ſo one of the Afflictions of *Miſery*, is the *Contempt* it draws upon it ſelf. *Indigency* and *Poverty* blot out of weak Minds the Advantage of a good *Birth*, the Splendor of *Merit*, and the Beauty of *Vertue*. But if *Injuſtice* raiſes *Fortune* to ſo high a Pitch, more equitable *Truth* always leaves it in the loweſt Rank, and that *Truth* which

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ſeems to inlighten the *Bigots*, is trod under Foot by their own *Cruelty*. There is no barbarous *Uſage* which they do not inflict on thoſe whom God has viſited with *Poverty*; *Hunger*, *Thirſt*, and *Nakedneſs*, are the meaneſt Afflictions that proceed from their *Cares*: *Backbiting*, *Slander*, *Contempt*, and *Abuſe*, are the Conſequences of the *Zeal* they pretend to have for their *Neighbour*.

When they are employed in the *Relief* of Families, and that a *Paſtor's* Goodneſs, who would not have any of his *Flock* to ſuffer, employs them in the Exerciſe of the Duties of *Charity*; they act very barbarouſly and baſely: He relies on thoſe pretended *Zealous* Souls, whoſe exterior Practices are exemplary, and who ſhew in *Publick* the Duties which they owe God, but that little trouble themſelves in private about thoſe due to their Neighbour. It is according to the *Tendency* of their Hearts, that thoſe *Miſerables* live or die, that are committed to their *Care*. When they have ſome good *Inclination* towards any Body, and that the humble Submiſſions of a *Sufferer* has done Homage to their *Pride*, then they will beſtow on him all that is neceſſary to allay his *Sufferings*, but not to end them: They are willing to mollify his Sorrow, to ſet forth their own *Goodneſs*, and to take off only the Exceſs of the *Grief*, to gain Praiſes, and to preſerve their *Tyrannical Power*.

As their present Exercise of *Charity* makes divers miserable Wretches great *Sufferers* it may also make them to suffer in their Turn at the *Great Day*. And if *Pride* is the greatest *Crime* before God, where will not that *Hypocrisy* bring them, since it contains that *Pride* which offends Neighbourly *Love*, and renders it guilty of the Breach of the *Law* in both its Precepts? I must confess, that a *Bigot Woman* is so guilty, and has so many Defects, that I must not pretend to give a just Account of them all: I treat but of those annexed to the *professed*. The *Hatred* they have for all *Women* that are not Dress'd after the *Hypocritical Mode*, is so great, that they cannot indure them, altho' they lead a Life exempted from all *Blame*. They fancy it is an horrid *Crime* to be adorned with such Ornaments as *Birth* and *Estate* allows of, as if it was necessary that those who are devoted to God, should begin their *Reformation* by putting on of *Sack-cloth*, which frequently serves but to cover a greater number of *Sins*, without the Discovery of one *Vertue*. Let the *Deceits* of a *Linsy-Woolsy Modesty* multiply in the World, it will still be certain that the large *Sleeves* conceal more the *Hands* than the *Covetousness* of the Wearers; and that it is not the *Bigot's* Dress that makes *Vertuous Woman*. Mean time under that Habit they are apt to condemn others confidently, while

while they Sin unpunished; they then raise themselves above all *Censure*, and whoever speaks Truth on this *Subject*, runs the Hazard of having *Lies* raised on himself; for a false *Piety* cannot suffer to be blamed, tho' never so justly, without returning a *Slander* for it; and the ordinary Consequences of a *Bigot's* Anger, is, to Ruin those that have blamed her, tho' rightly. The most excellent *Wisdom*, even *Truth* it self, *Christ*, did condemn the Affectation or Singularity of Apparel, when he blamed the *Pharisees* in long Robes and peculiar Fringes. He regarded not their *Accusation* of the *Adultress Woman*; he condemned them when they offered to condemn others. This was a *Lesson of Providence*, to inform such as have Authority to protect those that are forsaken, and to correct those who accuse others, while they themselves are guilty.

There are such nice and dangerous *Circumstances* of Sin in *Hypocrisy*, that the *Guilty* frequently remain ignorant of the Misery of their own *Condition*. A *Woman* of the *Character* I am now setting forth, owns no other *Neighbour* but those of her own *Profession*: Whatever they say or do, is *positive* in all respects, and a *Bigot* would make it a *Scruple of Conscience* to doubt of a *Slander* that is hatch'd by one of her own *Tribe*. By the Means of this *Error*, she despises all those that have been accused, and

under the *Pretence* of Reproving their *Errors*, ſhe publiſhes them every where: For *Slander* is no Crime amongſt the *Bigots*. If they but fancy they ſay the *Truth*, they think they don't offend God; but *Piety* ſpeaks a *Language* very different from thoſe *Maxims*; and the true way to be a ſincere and real *Devote Woman*, is, by conſulting of it.

In ſhort, to ſum up the *Character* of a *Female Bigot*, ſhe is a *Curſed Compoſition of Evil Qualities*: Her *Hypocriſy* juſtifies her *Pride*, and her *Pride* ſupports her *Hypocriſy*: The formal *Zeal* of her *Lips* countenances the *Scandal* of 'em; and ſhe thinks that if ſhe goes duly to *Church*, ſhe may raiſe Lies upon all *Mankind*. To turn up her *Tail* to the *Godly*, is *Charity* and *Brotherly Love*: To ſpeak well of another *Sect*, is *Prophane*: To have civil *Commerce* with 'em, is *Abomination*, unleſs there appear ſome Hopes of bringing 'em over to the *Lord*. *Hypocriſy* has nothing good in it, but that peradventure the zealous, exterior, and the feigned *Devotion*, gives ſome of the weaker People a real Inclination to *Piety* and *Goodneſs*: In every other Particular it is worſe than *Atheiſm*; for one only affronts God by denying him, whereas the other confeſſes him, and *Impiouſly* Laughs at him to his very Face in every *Act of Devotion*.

The

The Religious Woman.

FAith is the *Mother of Piety*; whoever gives himself to *God*, and makes *Profession* thereof, ought to understand well his *Religion*, to delight in the *Duties* thereof, and perfectly perform them. His first *Care* is to imform himself, and to guide the *Course* of his Life by the *Faith* of his *Knowledge*, that he may not know the *Law* as *Libertines* do, nor practice his *Obedience* to it as *Bigots*.

But when *Faith* has once succeeded the *Care* of his *Instruction*, that he is sure of having found out the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*; that he feels that admirable *Peace* which *Truth* spreads in his Soul, that his Heart filled with *Charity*, entertains no more *Thoughts*, but such as lead to the *Joys of Eternity*; his Understanding is convinced, his Soul is filled with *Holiness*, and the Practice of *Vertue* becomes easy, when the Mind is certain of what it ought to know, and the Fruit of that *Knowledge* becomes the *Zeal* of the *Will*. Then is seen that *Mary*-like pressing *Desire* to find out *Christ*, that *Love* of the *Magdalen's* to follow him, and that *Care* of the *Martha's* to serve him. Neither the *Word* of the *Angel*, nor the

Opposition

Oppoſition of the *Phariſees*, nor the *Preference* of *Magdalen*, can ſtop them. *Deſire*, *Courage*, and *Power* to perform, follow *Faith* cloſe at the Heels, *Hope* and *Charity* animates them; they run tranſported by their earneſt *Deſires*, but all this in the way of *Truth*, following *Chriſt* without ceaſing and Reſt, continually buſying themſelves in the *Lord's Vineyard*, and never draining the *Power* of their *Will*, tho' they weaken the Strength of their Bodies. This is the *Rule* of a Soul that truly ſeeks after *God*, a burning *Deſire* of performing all things for the *Love* of him, ſuch an *Impreſſion* of his *Divinity* that continually humbles us, and that ſhelters us from the *Pride* of the *Devil*, which is ſo dangerous to *innocent* Souls. An inexpreſſible *Reſolution*, which makes us to overcome all *Obſtacles* which we meet in the Way, trac'd out by *Jeſus Chriſt*, in which we muſt go without Intermiſſion or Looking back, if we would be *perfect*. None can follow *Chriſt* by Intervals, it is a Courſe without *Interruption*, which the *Will* muſt perform; the leaſt Reſt diſtances us from it, and freqnently Neglect makes us to looſe the *Sight* of it, and ſo ſtraggle out of the *Way* as never to retrieve it again: It is our *faithful* and *diligent* following of him, which is the moſt eſſential Article of true *Piety*.

How

How many Souls ſeek after *Chriſt* that find him, and afterwards leave, and fly from him? The *Fervency* of *Devotion* gives them impetuous Motions, which natural *Weakneſs*, *Occaſion*, and *Tendency*, ſtops in the midſt of their *Courſe*, and frequently that great *Zeal* which our *Conſtitution* animates, yields to the meaneſt Trifle which offends the *Predominant Paſſion*.

We ought not to give the *Conduct* of the other *Vertues* to that which we value moſt, but to that *Vertue* that is moſt neceſſary, which is that that curbs moſt our *Will*, and which makes us the cloſer to follow *Chriſt*. *Love* cannot move with heavy Feet; when the *Heart* freely gives it ſelf up, we fly; when *Love* calls upon us, the Spirit of *Charity* puſhes us on, and the *Holy Tranſport* of a Soul that *loves* God, cauſes it to follow the Precepts and the Councels of *Chriſt* ſo exactly, that its *Conduct* appears as a *Goſpel*, wherein one ſees writ down the *Leſſons* of a *Crucified God*. I confeſs, that the Scarcity of thoſe *Apoſtolical Perſons* which filled the firſt *Ages*, would give Cauſe to doubt whether there have been any ſuch in *ours*? if the Perfection of thoſe that give us *Examples*, did not attone for the ſmall *Number*, and did not perſuade us by the *Excellency* of ſo wonderful a *State*, of the *Comforts* which *Grace* communicates in this laborious way of *Penitence*, to ſerve and follow *Chriſt*:

For

For the ſame *Will* which makes us to follow him every where, makes us to ſerve him in all things: It ſuffices not to love him in *Contemplation*; we muſt worſhip him in *Submiſſion* alſo. We muſt ſerve him with a *Faithfulneſs* proportionable to our *Condition*, for the *Law* is not kept by meer *Speculation*; that *Charity* which God requires of us, muſt be active, and *Faith*, that *Divine Vertue* which makes us to adore him, is not contented with the bare *Submiſſion* of our *Knowledge*, but requires alſo the *Works* of an active *Charity*, and that the *Heart* be aſſiſted by the *Hands*. Wherefore there is no Reſt to a *Chriſtian* Soul; its Work is to begin with its *Reaſon*, and end but with its *Life*, and all its *Perfection* conſiſts to begin it with *Chearfulneſs*, to continue it with *Courage*, and to end it with *Love*. When that *Love*, which is the *Foundation* of the *Law*, has once penetrated the *Heart* of *Man*, all the Severities of *Penance*, all Rigours appear pleaſing to his *Deſires*, all his Obligations towards *God* are filled with an unlimited *Fervency*: His *Zeal* omits nothing that might contribute to the *Glory* of God; and his *Neighbour*, through an Effuſion of the ſame *Charity*, is ſought after with *Care*, wherever he ſuffers; is aſſiſted with *Diligence* in any thing that he wants; and is comforted with *Mildneſs*, according to his *Condition*. The

ſame

ſame *Zeal* which raiſes him towards *God* through *Love*, that unites him to his Neighbour by *Charity*, humbles him alſo, and ſhews him that *Nothing* and that *Sin* which are truly his *own*, and proper to him. In reflecting on his own *Miſeries*, he conceives the vaſt Diſtance he is at from the Excellencies of the *Divinity*, and ſtrengthens his *Faith*, which cauſes him to adore that *Immenſity* which he admires: He examines what is that *Non-entity* whereof he conſiſts, and that *Reflection* leads him to a *Contempt* of himſelf, and to the *Love* he owes to his *God*. This is the true Situation of a *Chriſtian Soul* that profeſſes *Piety*; there is no Thoughts left of outward *Appearances*, when one publickly declares to be a Child of the *Eternal Joys*: For this there is required a *Circumciſion* of the *Will*, and that *Intereſt* and *Self-Love* being for ever deſtroyed by the *Power* of our *Love* towards God, they may no longer be capable to ſtay us in the way of *Vertue*: We muſt be, as St. *Paul* ſays, *Stronger than the Gates of Hell, through the Power of Charity.*

Let every one examine himſelf on this *Model* of *Piety*, and judging himſelf with *Severity*, confeſs his Sins towards *God*, and Faults towards *Men*; and let this ſincere *Acknowledgment* create in him the ſtrongeſt Senſe of *Abnegation* that we are capable of feeling;

feeling; without which we can never *seek after*, *follow*, nor *serve Christ*, as he requires, and as we ought to do.

The

The Witty Woman.

WIT in *Women*, is like *Metal* in a Blind *Horse*; it ſerves only to hazard their Shins. The *Vanity* of ſhewing it, expoſes 'em to all *Company*; and it often happens, that in a numerous *Acquaintance*, where they ſtrive to eſtabliſh an *Empire*, they make *Shipwreck* of their *Reputation*, and ſometimes of their *Vertue*. The violenteſt *Paſſion* imaginable has not ſo much Effect upon a *Lovely Woman*, as a little well-managed *Flattery* and *Incenſe* has upon one that values her ſelf upon a *pert Humour*, and a Volubility of *Language*. But, in a Word, a *Woman* that pretends to *Wit*, is inſufferable in *Society*, becauſe it is very rare to meet with any of that *Character*, but ſuch as are inſupportably *Vain* and *Arrogant*; of which I am going to give you an Account.

The greateſt *Wanton* is leſs charmed with her own *Beauty*, than the leaſt *Witty* is conceited with her own *Genius*: She has an univerſal *Contempt* for all *Creatures*; ſhe in a manner confounds *Man* with *Beaſts*, if ſhe finds his *Reaſon* not accompanied with *Wit*; and ſhe lives at a great Diſtance from *common Senſe*, through that *Pride* into which

ſhe

ſhe is puffed up by her pretended fine *Wit*, which makes her to become as inſufferable to others, as others appear to her. A *Woman* that is thus blinded, is ſo far from *Truth*, that it is no wonder the moſt *Prudent* avoid her, and the leſs *Fearful* dread her; for ſhe is capable of nothing but to give falſe Colours to *Lies*, and to commit *Evil* with the more *Cunning*: Of which this is the *Reaſon*; a *Woman* runs ſuperficially over the *Sciences*, but never dives into them: She naturally receives *Eloquence*, and puts it in Uſe without the *Rules* requiſite for it; ſhe ſtrives to thoſe *Authors* that ſpeak moſt her own Senſe, without giving her ſelf the trouble to pick out thoſe that are moſt uſeful for her. She ſtudies Words only, for ſhe believes that it is the *Term* that does all: No *Condition* can pleaſe her, without *Politeneſs*, becauſe *Wiſdom* and *Truth* are baniſhed from her *Study*, which ſhe wholly applies to the moſt received nice and *Expreſſions*: And if ſhe does but obſerve ſuch an *Exactneſs* in Speech as exempts her from treſpaſſing againſt the *Rules* of a correct *Diſcourſe*, ſhe troubles her ſelf no farther, and cares not whither ſhe thinks as others do, provided another ſpeaks not ſo finely as ſhe. The *Deſire* ſhe has to appear *Learned*, is the chiefeſt *Obſtacle* to hinder her from being ſo; for there is required a great Proportion of concealed *Time* and *Labour* to attain to

an

an approved *Merit*: and *Women* are more inclined to loose their *Time* at Ease, than to employ either *Time* or *Labour* to acquire *Vertue*. That is the *Reason* their best and chiefest *Talent* consists in *Conversation*; it is at such a time that their earnest *Desire* to appear something more than ordinary breaks forth, and that they spread in others *Minds* some Defect of their own; for in one *Afternoon's* space they make a whole Course of *Wit*; they pass from *Doctrine* to *Manners*, from *Use* to *Opinion*, from *Seriousness* to *Airiness*; and in two Hours time they treat of all the Interests of *Europe*, tho' they know not the least of them; they drain *Matter* dry, without so much as touching them; they offend *Reason* in but attempting to *Reason*; they have such a *Series* of *Thoughts* as furnishes them with *Sufficiency* of Words to fill up the Chasms of *Time*, and are very well pleased to spend a World of *Expressions* on things that they are utter Strangers to.

They use *Causes*, that a *Politeness* of *Language* conceals part of their *Ignorance*; and that an *Adulator* pleases and prepossesses them with his *Dawbing*, which with them passes for a just Homage. The *Flatterer* is not distinguished from the *Sincere* amongst them; they rely on a dangerous *Approbation*, not consulting *Science* which might enlighten them; those false Glimmerings that

dazle them, give ſo fair a Light, that *Self-Love* takes care to preſerve it, to ſet forth it ſelf by it. And thus they fancy themſelves raiſed up to a Pitch of *Knowledge*, of which they ſcarce preſerve the bare *Name* in their *Memory*.

This is the Cuſtom of your *Witty Women*, they have a vaſt *Idea* of *Wit* in their *Imagination*, but no *Knowledge*, no *Rule*, nor *Underſtanding*, a bare *Idea* only, that is, a vaſt *Extent* which comprehends all great things; a great Space within themſelves where they fancy to behold an Aſſembly of all the various *Accompliſhments* of the *Mind*.

When a *Prudent Man* conſults *Truth*, and believes he has found it, he *fixes* and *terminates* there: He no longer ſtrays from that *Point*; he is doubtful of all things elſe, and is not certain of any thing, but in Relation to that which has *fixed* him, and unto which he believes *Truth* to be annexed; and that is what renders him juſt in the *Conſequences*, provided he has not been deceived in his firſt *Choice*; for he deviates not from his firſt *Principle*; he is ſtill the ſame, an uniform *Senſe* guides him in all reſpects. He is preſently ſenſible that the *Fruits* of his Labour is a *Light* without *Shadow*, which exempts him from all the *Spots* and *Blemiſhes* of *Error*. But the ſame *Reaſon* that

ſtrengthens

ſtrengthens ſo good a *Genius*, does alſo fortify a bad one.

Stability is the *Conſequence* of an acceptable Opinion, and *Women*, who determinate their Thoughts with much more Eaſe than *Men*, are alſo more apt to prevaricate from *Truth*; they eſpouſe a Party without conſulting their *Reaſon*, and they have no ſooner followed their own *Byaſs*, but it becomes their whole *Light*, and perpetuates them in that *Error* of *Choice*; they err through Quickneſs of *Apprehenſion*, which makes them to *reſolve* before they have *thought*; and this firſt *Error*, into which *Ignorance* has led them, is the firſt Cauſe of all thoſe Strayings of *Reaſon* and *Common Senſe*, which they have on all things, which renders them inſufferable; for they have not the Power to correct themſelves, their *Knowledge* being ſeduced through *Opinion*, will not yield to friendly *Cares*, to the *Advices* of good Authors, nor even to the firſt *Tinctures* they have, to change. The *Habit* of *Opinion* is more powerful than all the *Paſſions* together; there is required a ſupernatural *Power* to reduce to *Truth* a Mind that is ſpoiled by falſe *Principles* that pleaſe it. A *Woman* whoſe Mind is not right, changes the Objects of *Nature*, and of *Place*; *Truth* muſt ſtand awry, that ſhe may ſee her aright; for ſhe perceives nothing but through ſuch *Shadows* as deceive her, and

that cauſes her to deceive others, becauſe ſhe inſinuates theſe falſe *Lights*, and makes uſe of the moſt lively *Colours*, to make them appear to others as *right* as ſhe her ſelf fancies them.

Men are exempted from that dangerous *Sand*; but *Women*, whoſe Blindneſs cauſes them to ſeek after *Light*, grow the more blind the more they go about to enlighten themſelves, and fall into the Inconveniency of the *Witty*, which is to admire while they deceive themſelves. Their confuſed *Knowledge*, the *Aptneſs* they have to aſpire to elevated things, and the *Deſire* to appear capable, are the Cauſes of their *Ignorance*; and it produces ſuch *Obſtacles* as render *Science* much more neceſſary and convenient to them.

The Prudent Woman.

WIT is of both Sexes. The *Soul* is a Spiritual being, capable to perform its Operations in *Women* as well as *Men*; and tho' *Men* are design'd for laborious *Employs*, and such as require *Knowledge* and *Application*; *Women*, whom Custom has justly excluded from those *Employs*, (their tender and soft *Tempers* not inabling them to bear the Burden thereof) are not to be excluded from the Labouring after *Knowledge*, because it is very necessary to all, and if it prejudices any, it is such as would be much more injured by *Ignorance*, than by the *Lights* of *Knowledge*. As one that is *Half Wise* values himself even upon that little he knows, so an *Ignorant Coxcomb* is puffed up with nothing at all, and would think himself an *Angel*, should he know never so little. All that he learns, contributes much more to his *Pride*, than to his *Perfection*. Wherefore the first Step of an *Ingenious* Person is to be sensible he knows nothing; and to have a *Desire* to know much, before he knows any thing at all.

As there is nothing more desirous than *Knowledge*, so the *Difficulties* of attaining to any Degree of *Perfection* in it, require a

great deal of *Time*, and an aſſiduous *Application.* This diſguſts the *Lazy*, and makes 'em content themſelves with being not quite *Fools*; and ſince a ſuperficial *Acquaintance* may be had with the *Sciences* at a much eaſier Rate, they beg your Pardon for long *Watchings*, and tedious *Turning over* of Voluminous *Authors*: And if they attain to ſome ſmall *Smattering* in Letters, they are vainer by half than a conſiderable *Proficient* in *Learning* and *Knowledge.* This pitiful Sample of *Underſtanding* having had no ſolid *Baſis*, never proceeds very far; and if *Pride* and *Self-Love* did not cheriſh and nouriſh it, we could not but bluſh at our pretended *Scholarſhip*, which in Effect is nothing more than a well-varniſh'd *Ignorance.* Many *Men*, through want of a juſt Reliſh of *Learning*, are mighty inquiſitive after *Curioſities*: And theſe feeble fantaſtical Genius's never arrive to any *Perfection*; they are pleaſed with the good *Phantom* of *Knowledge*, and think every little *Out-of-the-way* thing that they ſtumble upon, is an *Arcanum* of *Nature*; for it is rare if ever theſe ſorts of *Capacities* have their Eyes opened; and ſo their vain *Error* roots it ſelf into 'em, and attends 'em to their *Grave.* The great Advantage of *Knowledge*, is, to correct all the Abuſes of our miſ-guided *Education*, and if poſſibe, to eſtabliſh the Soul and Reaſon in their proper *Empires.* He that has pry'd the moſt narrowly

narrowly into himſelf, has only the *Conſolation* of diſcovering how ignorant he was even when he thought he knew conſiderably. *Real Knowledge* makes us humble, but a Smattering of *Learning* only feeds our *Pride*, *Vanity*, and *Self-Conceit*.

Certainly he who neglects *Knowledge*, is very near quitting his *Reaſon*; and from a Diſguſt of the juſt *Rules* of *Philoſophy*, it is not far to the Loſs of *Common Senſe*: For how can a Perſon be counted Judicious that poſſeſſes nothing but thoſe Vapours of a quick *Apprehenſion*, which a boiling hot Blood produces on certain occaſions, where the *Diſpoſition* of the Organs, join'd to the *Paſſion* which then animates him, makes him accidentally light on ſome good Notions, and expreſs them rightly; whoever ſhould judge of any Perſon on ſo bare a Tryal, would think him *Learned*, while he only poſſeſſed the *Means* of being ſo! No; tho' we have never ſo good natural Parts, they require the Maſter-ſtroaks of *Sciences*, to render them accompliſhed, and with what fine *Wit* ſoever *Nature* has endow'd a *Man*, it is never naturally what it would be when aſſiſted with the Advantages of *Learning*. It happens alſo ſometimes, that an *Underſtanding Perſon*, that has but an indifferent *Genius*, is capable of deſtroying it without *Redemption*, for want of certain *Rules*: for the natural *Actions* of the *Mind* may as ſoon

ſlip by a *Truth*, as find it. It is meer *Chance* that is the *Reaſon* that *Women*, who are moſt capable through their *Acuteneſs* to raiſe themſelves unto the moſt ſublime things, and more liable through *Change* to abandon *Truth* after they have attained to it, have more need of a regular *Knowledge*, than all others to frame their *Minds* into *Order*; and to fix them firm with *Aſſurance*, we ought to ſeek after the moſt approved *Method* of *Study*, and ſtick to its *Rules* to guide our *Knowledge*; and when by ſuch Matters as are generally approved, we have informed our ſelves of all things, we muſt not yet fancy we know enough. It is for want of a perfect *Underſtanding* that we make Halts in the Way of *Truth*. Scarce does a *Man's Life* ſuffice to know that which a Child ſhould not be ignorant of; we grow weary inſtead of taking Courage; *Vanity* fixes us, and frequently an *Approbation* makes us ſo *Proud* as to neglect to take thoſe Pains which would tend to our *Accompliſhments*. We make a Stop at the firſt Tinctures of *Learning*, and inſtead of animating our ſelves with thoſe *Deſires* that an inlightned *Mind* would inſpire, we remain in the *Condition* of the half *Learned*, which is only to appear ſomething. However, there are but few of thoſe elevated *Minds* that are above the *Common Level*, that fall into ſuch *Careleſneſs*; they are raiſed by a more Noble

Impulſe

Impurſe above all *Vain-Glory*; and that which they already know, ſerves as a *Spur* to make them learn more. You ſhall find them (tho' fixed to the *Sentiments* of the moſt Eminent Authors) inſtructing themſelves with all the others of leſs Eſteem, and without being puzled with the *Vanity* of *Opinions*, confirm themſelves in the moſt juſt of thoſe which they have made *Choice*, and cauſe all *Oppoſitions* to contribute to the *Glory* of *Truth*. To know much, we ought not to value nor conſult our ſelves; *Self-Love* is an Enemy to *Labour* and *Pain*, and *Opinion* to *Truth*: we ought to ſuſpect all things which we either advance of our ſelves, or that we are *Judges* of. Not that we ſhould ſubmit our ſelves to all ſorts of *Judgments* more readily than to our own, but our own ought always to make us tremble when it is not directly conformable to the *Ancients*, and to thoſe *Moderns* that are indued with ſtrong and powerful *Reaſons*. Wherefore it is obſerved, that your great *Wits* that aſpire to the *Knowledge* of the moſt abſtruce things, conſult all things, continually informing themſelves, and approve not much their own *Conceptions*. To what Degree and Pitch ſoever we have by our *Induſtry* advanced our *Learning*, either as to Generals or Particulars, or through the Sublimity of our *Genius's*, we ſhould ſeem to have out-ſtript *Common Knowledge*; yet after

after all, this would but aſſure us how vaſt and immeaſurable a Quantity of *Knowledge* lay out of Sight, as well as out of our Reach. A real *Humility* is the moſt infallible *Argument* of a *Man's* being a *Knowing Man.*

We ought to know all things, the better to know, and leſs to value our ſelves, and with a continual *Application*, inſtruct our ſelves in the *Knowledge of God*, in whom alone is the true *Knowledge* of all things, and the *Fulneſs of Eternal Wiſdom.*

The

The Houſe-Wife, *or Penurious* Woman.

THERE is nothing ſo good in its own *Nature*, but what *Ignorance* and *Pride* may diſtort to its contrary, and of a neceſſary *Vertue* make commodious *Vice*. That wonderful *Diſcretion* ſo requiſite to every *Married Woman*, tho' ſo rarely to be found amongſt 'em, I mean a good *Oeconomy*, is the *Preſervation* of a *Mans Honour*, without the *Impairing* his *Temporal Affairs*; a judicious *Diſtinction* between *Penury* and *Profuſeneſs*. *Hoſpitality* is often the *Ruin* of a *Man* when a vain or a *Fooliſh Woman* has the *Conduct* of his *Family*: What he intends generouſly, ſhe laviſhes away through want of *Conduct*, and willing to gratify her own *Ambition*, as well as comply with the noble free *Spirit* of her *Huſband*, the *unhappy Man* finds his *Eſtate* ſinking, and he reduced to an ungrateful *Neceſſity* of contracting his way of Living, which might have been continued had not a *Fooliſh Woman* had the *Management* of his *Expence*. The *Misfortune* of one extream precipitates them, or rather her, into another, more ſafe, but hardly more honourable: Now ſhe is as cloſe-fiſted, as before ſhe had been liberal, now every Body in

in the *Family* must ſtarve to repair former *Extravagances*: to drink between Meals is perfect *Gluttony*; to eat Butter with Cheeſe, perfect waſte; a Cruſt of Brea dgiven away at the Door is robbing her *Huſband*: Sawces with Meat is *Superfluity*, and every *Relation* that comes to Dine with them, is wiſh'd choak'd with the firſt Bit he puts in his Mouth.

A *Woman* whoſe Heart has not been mov'd by *Gallantry*, nor by vain *Glory*, ought to fear being overcome by *Intereſt*, and it's a very difficult *Taſk* for her to avoid the *Love* of *Riches*, when ſhe deſpiſes *Ambition*. The ſame Temper that leads her to live a retired Life, inclines her to hoard her Money up, and all the *Love* ſhe expreſſes towards things that are reaſonable at the Bottom, is but a ſordid *Love* of *Wealth*. A *Covetous Woman*, that has acquired the Title of *Good Houſe-Wife*, is wonderful in her *Vigilance*, *Exactneſs* and in her *Underſtanding*. Nothing out-does her *Cares*, nothing ſurpriſes her *Exactneſs*, and nothing eſcapes her *Knowledge*. Her *Deſire* continually agitates her, which makes her more reſtleſs then others, as the continual Fear ſhe is in to looſe any thing, perpetually diſturbs her. She examines all things very ſtrictly; ſhe ſpends nothing idly, and cauſes her to take Notice of every thing that

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is done in her *Family*, and frequently to ſee even what is not done in it; for on that falſe *Opinion* that prepoſſeſſes her, ſhe frequently fancies things that are not. Her *Love* tyres her, her *Exactneſs* troubles her, and her very beſt *concerted Meaſures* deceive her: She taxes her ſelf with *Sloth*, with *Careleſneſs*, and with *Blindneſs*, without once thinking on *Covetouſneſs*, which is the only thing that diſturbs her, and which puts her on taking a thouſand Troubles upon her, which terminate in *Vice*. One may be ſparing without Diſturbance, and frequently an over diligent *Woman* ſpares more and ſaves leſs, then ſhe looſes otherwiſe. How many do we ſee amongſt thoſe that pinch in neceſſary *Expences*, who by a Cuſtom of *Penureneſs* at laſt bring themſelves not to ſpend any thing at all, and will hazard all in hopes of a great Gain; we live no longer in the Days of *Vertue*; all things are now carried into *Extremities*. If any Perſon is expenſive it is even to Prodigality; and if any are ſparing, it is through Avarice. A *Woman* thus blinded, is the moſt to be lamented; for ſhe is paſs'd all Hopes of *Amendment*; ſome Perſons may be ſenſible of others Errors, but ſuch as are guilty of this *Indulge* themſelves. Hardneſs of Heart is inſeparable from it, becauſe *Cuſtom*, *Reaſon*, *Prudence*, and even Neceſſity, engage us to good *Management*, and form good *Huſbandry*

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to avarice, there is but one Step to make; which is done frequently without Consideration. An exact Person is as rare to be found under the *new*, as it was under the *ancient Law*. It is difficult to stand firm when the Ground is so slippery. It is to the Conquest of this approved *Vice* that I would conduct the *Women* of this Age; I would fain root out their Heart, their *Spirit* of *Penurenefs*, take away *Activity* of *Actions*, which express so much Passion in those Cares they take upon themselves. I would not that any unexspected Slight, should ever surprlse them somuch as to vex them that those small Losses which happen by a thousand Accidents, should disturb their Rest. It would be a very agreable thing to see a *Woman* wise and regular. Those that pretend to those Qualities, have commonly nothing in them, but a *Craftinefs* to hoar'd up, and *Obstinacy* to keep, and a dreadful *Apprehension* to loose. You shall see them employ all their Wits, in finding out ways to increase their Stores, take all the Pains imaginable to preserve the means they possess, and fret themselves to Death at the Thoughts of necessary *Expences*, and of the evil Accidents that might happen; so, that the time pass'd is the Cause of their Regrets, the present time, that of their *Vexation*, and the time to come, that of their Fears and *Apprehensions*, Thus tormented in

in Heart and in Mind, they have no *Eyes* but to behold their own *Intereſt*, all they do, is in relation to that, and even their Acts of *Piety*, are bent intentionally on *Intereſt*. They hope from their *Prayers*, the *Proſperity* of their *Family*; and this is ſo true, that when the Duties of *Religion* are oppoſite to their *Penurioufneſs*, they curtail little the firſt, that they may not take any thing away from the latter. And there is no *Scruple* made in Relation to *Houſewifery*, to take Care of the main *Chance* as they call it, before they entertain any *Thoughts* concerning *Salvation*. The *Calm* of an avaricious *Conſcience*, is a *Condition* worthy *Compaſſion*; no *Trouble* awakens it out of that *Lethargie* of *Intereſt*, which *Women* ſuit with their Reaſon. Sometimes they return *God* Thanks even for that deplorable *Condition* they are in, as if it was a Gift of his *Mercy*, returning frequently leſs Thanks, for the Goods *God* has beſtowed on them, than for the *Love* that they bear towards thoſe *Means* they have received; for all the *Reflection* which a *Woman's Charity* cauſes her to make at the Sight of a miſerable *Man's Condition*, is nothing but the *Reſolution* of keeping ſafe what ſhe has, for Fear of falling into the like Neceſſity.

A *Covetous Woman* ſeeks every where for ſome Body more *Covetous* than her ſelf,

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to be her *Model*, and to give to others an *Example*; and the *Consequence* of this is to fix her *Mind* on avarice, so as to carry it on to the highest *Degree*, and to exercise it above all things in her *Family*; retrenching part of what is necessary, affording no more *Nourishment* than what will serve to make *Servants* languish, but not live; denying to her self all that she might allow to others, without *Prejudice* to the main, and leading a most miserable Life, under the specious *Pretence* of *House-wifery*. A *Pretence* that deceives her in abusing others, and which causes her to act such *shameful Things*, of which she glories in private, practising to her self her *Industry* in the *Performance* of a Thousand base Things, which saves her some Pence, but costs her more in *Reputation* and *Honour*, than she has of wealth. All *Reason* and even *Christianity* are to be laid aside where her *Interest* is concern'd. She forgets the *Duties* of *Blood*, of *Friendship* and of *Acknowledgment* or *Gratitude*, where there is any *Prospect* of *Gain*; and where *Profit* has a Share. She remembers not any thing of *Duty*; but thinks of all that she is worth, and *Interest* alone judges of all her *Circumstances*, and is the Rule of her whole *Conduct*. Such an *House-Wife* bids welcome but to such as visit her on the Account of her own *Interest*. *Birth-right*, *Good Will* and *Friendship* are always bestowed on the

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moſt *Lucky* of all her *Children.* Her Kindneſs in her *Family* is always for that Perſon, that is leaſt chargeable, tho' he may be the Worſt of all the *Servants*; and her *Diſtinction* amongſt her Friends is always to prefer the moſt Rich, becauſe he cannot be chargeable, and becauſe ſhe hopes for ſome Services from his *Credit*, *Authority*, and *Favour*: the *Greatneſs* of which ſhe expreſſes by her obſequious Seeking after ſuch Perſons and their *Meanneſs*, and by the forgetting of them, which ſoon follows. This is the *Condition* of the *Houſe-wifery* of this Age, which ſtands in need of a Rule, to be corrected by, which Rule immediately follows.

The Good Houſe-Wife,

ORDER is ſo neceſſary, that neither *Kingdoms*, *Commonwealths*, *Republicks*, nor even particular *Families* could long ſubſiſt without it. It is a Rule that preſerves our *Quiet*, *Health*, and *Wealth*; we are not troubled with any *Uneaſineſs*, when we regulate our Time and Buſineſs; and take our Sleep and Diet with *Moderation*: Neither is our *Wealth* exhauſted, when a judicious Rule fixes our *Expences*. That equitable Rule permits us not to go beyond our *Abilities*, if we ſeriouſly conſult it, we keep our *Subſtance* in good Order, and it's rare to Die Infirm or Poor, after we have continually practiſed it. This is the *Vertue* which reconciles *Authority* and *Licence*, *Avarice* and *Prodigality*, and that by the bringing together thoſe two oppoſite Ends, makes up a good thing of two *Bad ones*, and hinders the *Exceſſes*, in which thoſe different *Vices* lead each particular Perſon, according to his particular *Temper*. It is not only neceſſary to each *Family*, to each *Perſon*, but alſo to every *Action* of our *Lives*. We cannot well make a *Gift*, a *Purchace*, or a *Payment*, without the *Rule*, which preſcribs to buy things according to their Val-

Value, to pay justly what we owe, and to give what is properly our own: That a *Justice* suitable to each particular *Action* of ours, sums up the full *Number* of them all, and renders the *Course* of our *Lives* comfortable. For the most perfect *Satisfaction* in this World, is, that which the *Tranquility* of the *Soul* affords us, and that compleat *Joy* cannot subsist where *Crimes* and *Vices* reign; for it is the Result of an irregular Conduct to hate what is *Good*, and to accustom our selves to what is *Evil*. *Excess* is the only thing that pleases a *Mind* not guided by *Reason*; and *Reason* is too great a Friend to *Regularity*, to cohabit with *Vice*; it drives *Vice* away, or *Vice* destroys it: It is a *Combat* that lasts but a short while, for the Strongest stands to it, and the Wisest flies. *Vice* acts Tyrannically, but *Reason* with Mildness; and the Result of these passionate Motions, is a *Regret* proceeding either from the *Guilt* or the *Misfortune*. *Disorder* does not less separate a *Man* from *Justice* and *Honour*, than from *Vertue*; for a Mind or an Heart that is carried away by the Power of its *Inclinations*, which submits its *Knowledge*, to the Pleasures of its own Will, and that rules its *Actions* by the *Motions* of a disorderly *Principle*, does by this universal *Confusion*, make all its conserves *Partaker* of its *Corruptions*, and creates a *Disorder* that confounds the ways

of Truth with the Paths that lead to Falſehood, and ſtill adds to its *Confuſion* by ſuch *Reflections* as afflict it. A *Man* is no longer capable of a happy Return from Evil to Good, from Diſquietneſs to Reſt, he ſtands in need of foreign Advices to regulate himſelf by, and tho' he knows them, he is leſs capable of managing them, than an abſolute *Stranger*. The *Cauſe* of all theſe *Diſorders*, is the forſaking of that Rule, which limited his *Duties*, and having yeilded into *Paſſions* that diſorder'd his own *Conduct*, and that of his *Family*. This *Diſorder* ruins ſome through Plenty, and others through Avarice. *Men* are apt to fall into this firſt *Error*; they yield themſelves up to the *Pleaſures* of this *World*, and without making *Reflections* they beſtow on Pleaſure all their *Wealth* and *Fortune*. They ſome times find ſome *Pleaſures* alſo in the outward *Appearance* of an imaginary *Glory*; and tho' it proves chargeable both to their *Conſcience* and to their *Purſe*, yet they retrench nothing their *Retinue*; but rather increaſe their *Family*, as they do their *Ambition*. As to *Women* whoſe Minds are naturally bent to *Covetouſneſs*, they are very different from theſe I have now mention'd. They increaſe in nothing but in *Vice*. Their *Penuriouſneſs* makes them pinch on every thing; and their Rule conſiſts in perpetual *Diminutions*, which Practice becomes in time *Cuſtomary* to them, and

and in vain does Rule admonish them in all their Houshold Concerns, in order to reclaim them. Nothing can move them; a neglected sick *Body*, a Child ill cloathed, a Servant ill pay'd, and worse fed, all those Disorders move not their Minds. They themselves suffer through their own *Covetousness*, and think they ought so to do; and provided there be no superfluous *Expences*, let the necessary Charges be never so retrench'd, all appears to her in a good Order. These are not the *Laws* that an Equitable Rule requires us to observe, if they forbid *Excesses*, they also forbid *Penury*; if it dis-allows continual Fastings, it permits moderate and orderly Meals, and when it retrenches the Superfluity of Dishes, it does not strike at to what is necessary for Life. While it opposes *Magnificence*, it still remains a Friend to *Decency*, and its principal Business is to limit every one to their proper Condition, and to allow of all that can be done within the just Bounds of every Man's Estate.

The Gaming Woman.

GAMING is a dangerous Paſſion, which ſome times cauſes in one Day the *Loſs* of more than the *Expences* of a whole Year, and the moſt wealthy and beſt regulated *Family* cannot hold out againſt the *Extravagancies* of a *Woman* that *Plays*, who to pleaſe her ſelf looſes her Reſt, and for whoſe *Diverſion* the whole Day is too ſhort, Night muſt partake of them alſo, and her whole Life is perpetual *Gaming*. A *Woman* whoſe depraved *Nature* inclines her to this, and who has been fortified in it by *Habit*, has no other Deſires. She neglects all othet Cares, and through a Paſſionate *Pre-Poſſeſſion*, makes of *Gaming* a *Law*, an *Honour*, and a *Rule*. She examines what is its due, and performes it exactly, caſts up the *Expences* of it, and liberally ſupplies them: She approves of its Rules, and obſerves them Regularly. Therefore ſuch a *Woman* is rarely at Church, at ſuch *Viſits* as ſhe is obliged to pay, nor at home. Through this *Profeſſion* of being a *Gameſtreſs*, ſhe renounces to *Piety*, *Honour*, and *Regularity*; ſhe cannot comply with all the *Obligations* of her *Duties*, while her *Paſſion* impoſes others upon her, that are

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ſo preſſing, ſo active, and ſo continual, that ſhe has no *Time*, no *Deſire*, nor *Love*, for any thing elſe. She hates all other *Diverſions*, but through the *Love* ſhe has for that Particular one, ſhe is ſparing in all things but thoſe which conſerve Gaming to defray the *Expences* of it. And it is theſe *Gaming-Tables* that cauſe the Loſs of all our *Wealth*, and create the *Greedineſs* of Riches; at theſe the whole *Delight* of their *Souls*, does profuſely waſt it ſelf. The Broils which *Intereſt* cauſes in *Diſputes* are but as ſo many Grains of *Salt* to whet their *Appetites*. The *Vexations* are ſuited to their *Pleaſures*: they are mov'd; but to appeaſe themſelves again, and they appeaſe themſelves, but to be the oftner tranſported. It's in thoſe oppoſite *Paſſions* that they find their Healths, and *Satisfactions*, and they are never ſeen more pleas'd, than in the Midſt of the *Confuſions* of *Gaming-Houſes*, where *Intereſt* Avarice, and Deceit maintain their *Nocturnal Empire*. There they fortify their *Paſſion*, empty their *Purſes*, and ſpend their Lives. There a *Woman* looſes all the *Ideas* of *Vertue*, and is apt to receive and entertain a Thouſand unworthy *Secret-Paſſions*, under the Veil of this publick one. There are frequent Appointments made on the Account of *Voluptuouſneſs*, as well as of *Intereſt*. Thoſe unlawful Aſſemblies are as favourable to the *Dæmon* of *Impurity*, as to that of *Blaſphemy*. *Fury* and

Debauchery are found there; and in the Midſt of ſuch an horrid *Society* will. Some *Women* glory to have a Place, and ſhe gives her ſelf a *Reputation* in the World, in declaring ſhe is one of that *Society*. She even ſeems to glory in thoſe *Misfortunes*, which are the *Puniſhments* of her *Diſorders*. For ſhe braggs loudly of her Loſſes, and endeavours to comfort her ſelf in them, by converting them into *Merits*, never conſidering that this *Superfluity* which ſhe beſtows on chance, is what *Providence* has depoſited to her Care, for the Uſe of her *Family*, or the *Poor* at leaſt. But how can the Concerns for *Religion*, and for her *Neighbour* move her, and cure her *Weakneſs*, when more ſenſible Reaſons, tho' leſs powerful, make no *Impreſſions* on her Heart? and not limiting her ſelf to the *Expences* of what is ſuperfluous, ſhe alſo laviſhes that which is purely neceſſary; and the Sight of a *Diſcontented Huſband*, of miſerable Children, of a ruin'd *Family*, and of all the Evils to which ſhe expoſes her ſelf, are not ſufficient to reclaim her. Want will ſooner exclude her from *Gaming*, than *Reaſon* can baniſh that *Paſſion* from her Heart; and ſhe muſt become the ſcorn and *Contempt* of all the World, before ſhe can leave off. What *Blindneſs*, what *Darkneſs*, do ſuch *Paſſions* infuſe into a *Soul*? She is ignorant of the very *Evils* that ſhe ſuffers; and when ſhe finds that ſhe cannot

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cure her *Paſſion*, nor ſatisfy it, then it is that ſhe begins to examine her *Condition*, and not before; and the *Impoſſibility* ſhe is in to continue her ill Courſe, makes her ſenſible of it; ſhe beholds a great Number of *Evils*, that have been caus'd by one ſingle *Paſſion*, ſhe looks on the *Conſequences* of the unruly *Motions* of her *Heart*; but this *Knowledge* does but half enlighten her. She but hates the *Effects* of that Cauſe, ſhe ſtill *Loves*, and her greateſt *Sorrow* is, not for being unfortunate, but becauſe ſhe has no longer the Means to make her ſelf ſo, and to be reduc'd to acknowledge an Evil, which ſhe ſtill purſues.

Other *Vices* have ſomething to plead in their own Behalf; but the Itch of *Gaming* is the moſt unaccountable, as having no *Excuſe*, no *Incentive*, but *Vice* alone; for abſtracting from the *Paſſions* it provokes us to, it ſubſiſts by a *Covetous Deſire* of what is anothers, or a laviſh Squandering away our own. *Nature* has made *Man* a ſenſible *Creature*. *Beauty* moves him, the *Action* ſuch as the World could not continue long without. *Time* takes away the violent *Edge* of it, when vigorous Youth finds it ſelf tempted to frequent *Sallies*. *Wine* was the immediate *Bleſſing* of *Heaven*, to chear our languiſhing *Spirits*, the *Conſolation* of the *Afflicted*, the *Joy* of the *Happy*, the *Benefit* of the *Rich*, and

and the *Cordial* of the *Poor*; and if it's Charmes do now and then trip up the Heels of our *Discretion*, a Day or two's *Moderation* sets all in order again. But nothing can recal the *Precious Pence*, that unlucky run of the *Dice* has now determin'd to be no longer your own: And 'tis observable that this *Plague* of *Gaming* grows more obstinate by Age, and will not admit of any Cure, while a Foot of Land, or a Penny is left. This *Cursed Fire* cannot be extinguish'd, but by want of Fewel. How many *Rascals* keep their *Coaches* at the *Expence* of young *Noblemen*, and in the *Revolution* of a few Years, have shaken great Estates out of the rich *Heirs-Pockets* into their own; and a fat *Man* vie Equipage with the Duke he bullied.

If we see some few Persons reclaim'd from the Exercise of *Gaming*, we see none decline the *Love* of it. They cease playing, but cease not to love it; and that remnant of *Injustice* that is in them, serves but to renew that *Fury* at the first *Occasion* that will offer it self, and to snatch from them that little which *Providence* sends. You shall see some that torment themselves, and give themselves a World of *Trouble*, and all the Fruits of their *Labour* are laid on a single Card. They'll toyl a whole Month to play one Hour only, and their *Labour* is as full of Evil as is their *Pleasure*, doing the one

one but in *Love* to the other; and this strange *Pre-Possession* renders them, equally passionate in all the other *Actions* of their Lives.

If a *Christian Woman* did but know to what *Extremity* such a *Passion* leads, and the *Difficulty* of getting off after once engag'd in it, she would never allow her self the Use of so dangerous an *Exercise*, and look on all other *Diversions* as guilty, while she would hold this for *Harmeless*. It is the most seducing of all *Passions*, because its beginning is approved by all, and is blamed but in its *Excess*, to which none *Designs* to attain. Its *Power* which begins under the *Pretence* of a *Diversion*, does so insensibly increase, that that *Pleasure* does frequently turn to a *Necessity*, and from an Hour employ'd at it, one comes to spend a whole Life; and this is done without thinking on it, much less after 'tis once done; for time runs away so easily at it, that for want of observing it, the Loss is without *Redemption*; the Term of our Lives finishes, and the long Series of our Days passes away without the Use of one Grain of *Vertue*, or *Employment*; and of so many Moments that we had at our Disposal, there remains but one to regret all the others in. In this last we have so much Sight as serves to punish us, it's small space containes the *Idea* of all the others, and the Sight of that infinite Number of the

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paſs'd waſted Moments, makes us ſenſible of the *Eternity* of the *Time* to come, when we ſhall anſwer for every ill ſpent Moment of our Lives. If all the Moments of our Lives are numbred, how ought we to manage them to render us perfect; and if our whole Life ought to be employ'd in one continued *Prayer*, let us ſo order our *Affairs*, that thoſe *Moments*, which we ceaſe from giving to *GOD*, be not ſpent in *Idleneſs*; but let us employ them carefully in the ways of *Vertue*, and never let any part of our Time be uſeleſs to our *Salvation*.

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The Diligent Woman.

OF all natural *Inclinations*, *Idleness* is the worst and most dangerous. It is hard for a Person born with that unhappy *Disposition*, to have any great Share of *Reason*, or of *Vertue*; which makes *Employment* to be so necessary a thing for all Persons: There should not be one Moment lost in the whole Life of a wise and worthy Person. Therefore a *Woman* of Sense ought not only to perform her *Duties*, but to *employ* her whole Time also; and that each Moment of it may be found weighty, she ought to begin her *Labour* with her Life, and her Life must be one continual *Action* to the Glory of *GOD*. And if the Difference of Times which composes her Life alter her *Employments*, let it be in rendring them still more and more *Vertuous*, more *Noble*, and of a more large *Extent*; she never ought to be seen free from Care. *Providence* has impos'd on her, as well as on *Men*, a perpetual *Labour* in the Work of their *Salvation*. To perform well that Task, a *Woman* must have a zealous *Vigilance*; which may wean her from the fatal *Dulness* of *Self-Love*. Whoever is convinc'd, must be animated also, and who wants not *Faith*, wants not *Courage* likewise; the Bottom of the

Heart

Heart being once corrupted, that Heap of *Corruptions* becomes the Cause of that soft and easy Life which the *Women* of this Age lead. If *Religion* was believ'd, it would be practis'd also, but it is profess'd and not known, or but by halves, and without being practis'd; and all these *Disorders* render the Soul, insensible of what relates to *Eternity*. It must not surprise us, to see, that a *Woman* who has no more *Religion* than another, shall yet abound in *Self-Love*, and seek more after *Pleasures*, then after any good *Employment*.

Slothfulness is the High-road to *Crimes*, and to all manner of *Voluptuousness*; and tho' it is more difficult to please Men than *GOD*, Yet it is more easy for *Women* to endeavour to please *Men*, than to do any thing else. That *Desire* keeps them perpetually out of *Action*, and to rectify that unhappy *Tendency* towards Worldly things, the Heart must be touch'd with a *Divine Inspiration*, and *Grace* must act an extraordinary *Effect* in their Behalf. But that *Grace* will not operate without the *Assistance*, they must give way to that *Divine Vertue*, they must begin their own *Conversion*, if not in abandoning immediately, at least in forsaking *Idleness*, the first Cause of all those *Passions* that make us guilty. Wherefore no *Diversion* no *Rest*; let *Prayer* begin and conclude the Day, they must not only

only *Labour*, but they muſt *Labour* for *GOD* alſo. Thoſe that are animtaed with a good *Intention*, can never be tir'd, and the way to act with *Efficacy* and *Conſtancy*, is to conſider that Time is the way that leads to *Eternity*, that the Loſs of it is irrecoverable, and that the way is to *Diſtance* our ſelves from the *Vertue*. This ſame Time, ſeems ſlow paced and tedious when we ſuffer in the Intervals of it; but flies away ſwifter than thought, when *Pleaſure* attends each Moment. But to thoſe that idly let it paſs, it becomes that vaſt Emptineſs, which contains their *Diſorders*, and that draws their *Condemnation* upon them. Short and unknown Term! precious, yet fatal Moment! Time on which depends *Eternity*, ſhalt thou always be forgotten? Always neglected, and always ſpent in vain, and never vertuouſly applied? Shall *Intereſt* and *Pleaſure* be the Cauſe of all our *Actions*, but in order to grow wealthy, or to pleaſe our ſelves in ſome other Manner, ſhall Avarice and *Voluptuouſneſs* always reign as *Sovereigns* in the Bottom of our Hearts, our Lives be ſpent in ſerving our ſelves, or in looſing our *Wealth*, and can we not by a generous Force ſeparate our *Will*? Satisfy the *Deſires* of *Nature*, without pleaſing our own *Deſires*: And ſo regulate each Moment, as to exempt it from the *Crime* of *Idleneſs*? There is no *Condition* that has not need of its whole Time, to

fill

fill up the *Duties* thereof: And those Moments that a *Woman* spends in *Gaming*, are so many stolen from those appointed *Duties*; was there but that *Fault* only to render her guilty, it would do it infinitely, if not through the *Evil* she has commited, yet through the Good she has omited. For the Neglect of *Duty* is not much less than the *Commitment* of *Evil*, the *Truth* is not well known. We are apt to flatter our selves that *Idleness* may be Innocent, or at worst not very *Criminal*. We applaud our selves for being *Vertuous*, because we are not guilty; and in the Course of a Lake-warm Life, condemn'd by *Christ*, we promise to our selves the *Rewards* of *Eternity*, which is reserv'd, for those violent Persons mention'd in the *Scriptures*, who wean themselves from the World, to apply themselves entirely to *GOD's Glory*. Yea, Zeal of *Action*, vertuous *Earnestness*, Design of *Providence*, *Employments* unknown to *Libertines*, and neglected by the Wise! We have pass'd the Time of knowing you, when we can no longer put you in Practice, neither can you be put into Practice, when we have no Time left to know you in. You are not neglected without *Danger*, seeing that no *Crime* can be constantly avoided, and *Vertue* preserv'd, but by your *Assistance*. You are so necessary to a *Christian Life*, that those who would

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Religiouſly devote themſelves to *GOD*, and renounce all the *Maximes* of the World, ought not to ſpare you one Moment. Their Life ought to be continually employ'd, and their Time fill'd up, that their *Eternity* may be happy.

The Litigious Woman.

IF the *Soul's* Tranquility, and the *Heart's* Quietness, be a compleat *Happiness*; perpetual *Troubles* and *Vexations* are to be accounted very great *Evils*; and this is the *Lot* of those that are in *Law*, especially amongst *Women*, who being more sensibly concerned at any imaginary *Injuries* than *Men*, are more frequently *affrightned*, *afflicted*, and *fretted*. When their wronged *Interest* leads them to maintain their *Right*, and that *Law* agreeing with their *Humour*, makes them wholly apply themselves to their own *Concerns*, giving themselves up a *Prey* to the *Cares* of their *Wealth*; then do they employ their whole *Time*, all their *Cares*, their whole *Mind*, and sometimes all their chiefest *Good*, to gain such as they enjoy but in bare *Speculation*. When once an *Heart* is pleased to be concerned in a disputed *Interest*, and that the *Difficulty* of it does but the more whet the *Desires*, that *Custom* begins to strengthen the natural *Inclination*, and that *Opportunity* offers a *Fortune*, or a sweet *Revenge* for an *Injury* received, who can forbear going to *Law*? The *Heart* is delighted in the very *Anticipation*, it reckons on its own *Desires*, the

Desire

Desire assures the *Possession*, and on this Ground it acts; and all the Designs that our *Imagination* can furnish us with, are employ'd to bring about our *Project*: All is employ'd about a Chymerical *Nothing*. On the contrary, when once a *Woman* has had some *Smackering* of the *Law*, or the Account of *Malice*, *Injustice*, or *Interest*, and that she begins to know the *ways* and *Methods* of *Quarelling*, according to the ancient and laudable Custom of *Westminster-Hall*; *Pride* then is added to the former *Defects*, and frequently she is so prepossessed with her own Skill that way, that she is for continuing such Law-suits, in which she has not the least Concern, and will plead less to gain the Cause, than to set forth her Abilities that way, and to please her own vain Humour. A *Woman* of this *Complexion*, is an insufferable *Creature*, especially when she has been instructed by the whole *Management* of Business, according to the Rules of Art, in an Hundred different Law-tricks, by which she her self has formerly been deceived: The natural Effect of vexatious Law-suites, is to crack the Brains, if not through folly, yet through Obstinacy, and that is one of the *Womens* chiefest *Talents*. The *Vexatiousness* of Business becomes their *Diversion*, as well as *Employ*, and that which was at first their Business, is made in Process of time, their very *Recreation* too. By these means

they nourish, enliven, and please all their *Passions*. Their *Interest*, *Hatred*, *Slander*, *Self-Love*, and even *Voluptuousness* are therein gratified. They endeavour to please, that Point is gain'd, *Ornaments* may further take, they are presently employ'd, and all things else, to engage a *Judge* in their *Interests*. *Beauty* requires *Art's Assistance*, *Wit* spares nothing to tickle the Mind, to move and gain the Heart of that *Magistrate*, on whose *Pleasure* the Cause depends; and all the Charges that *Truth*, *Prudence*, and *Vertue* are at, are reckon'd nothing, provided they get the Day. A Thousand known *Evils* are annexed to the Persuit of the Cause, and a Thousand more committed tho' unknown, make an end of distracting the *Soul*, and rendering it guilty beyond *Redemption*. Nice *Quarels* which Time and Absence had almost buried in an Eternal *Oblivion*, receive again under *Pretence* of an *Interest*, that *Honour* engages 'em to maintain: And that first Step which conceal'd *Passion* has made, causes a Thousand others more Wicked than the first. *Truth* is almost stretch'd out to the *Magnitude* of a Lye, that it may be believ'd; And in order to destroy the adverse Parties Lyes, a *Man* shall make no Scruple to Slander; and on the Account of some Right to a Temporal Estate, claims a Right to every thing, and takes the Liberty to speak all he knows, to impose all one pleases, and to do any

any thing elſe to maintain that Right, which ſometimes is but imaginary. There is no Account of Time given, Cares are not neglected, Money is not ſpar'd, and the Welfare of the *Soul* is not regarded. On the *Management* of Law-ſuites nothing is more forgotten than the Care of the *Soul*; eſpecially amongſt thoſe *Women* that are prepoſſeſſed with Envy, animated by *Intereſt*, and back'd by Hatred: there is no falling back. The beſt *Reaſons* that condemn them, cannot convince them; whatſoever they undertake to their own Profit, appears always juſt to them; and rarely a Law-ſuit comes to *Arbitration*, when *Women* follow it. Out of one Law-Concern, they create to themſelves a whole Courſe of Buſineſs, and of Pleaſure, the various *Diſpoſitions* of their Concerns make up a kind of pleaſing Novelty, which gratifies their *Labour*. Their *Paſſions* are exerciſed by Turns, and the end of their Life preceeds that of their Law-ſuit. Their imperfect *Enterpriſes* is a *Sorrow* which holds place of thoſe *Vertues* that they have neglected, and the Care of their Law-ſuit in this World, is going to determine the State of their Condition in another.

If a good *Chriſtian Woman* did but examine into what dreadful *Engagements* their Cares do lead them, they would not ſo eaſily go to Law; the Loſs of Time, the *Alienation* of their Thoughts from *GOD*, the

Neglect of themſelves, and a Thouſand other *Motives* would reſtrain their greedy *Intereſt*, and for Fear of looſing their *Souls*, they would not venture them to gain an Eſtate. It is not *Vertue* alone ſuffers by it, *Honour*, *Decency*, *Civility*, and all other good Qualities are deſtroy'd, where a *Love* to *Litigiouſneſs* predominates. There is no more *Juſtice* to be had towards others, no more Reſpects of Ranks and Qualities, no more Regard to Age; *Self-Love* alone ſwallows all the reſt. There are no more Thoughts but for ones ſelf, no more Talk but of ones ſelf, all Friends are tired with the perpetual *Proſecution* of their Right, which takes away the Opportunity of hearing, and receiving their *Advice*. The more their Reaſons would enlighten, the ſtronger is our *Obſtinacy*, and in their Endeavours to reduce us to *Truth* and *Juſtice*, they remove themſelves from our *Eſteem*, and we neglect their good *Councels*, becauſe they diſcover our *Defects*. We would be indulged in our *Errors*; and of all the *Errors*, the moſt dangerous is that which we make Choice of, that is examin'd, that is conſider'd, which takes us up, which employs us, which troubles us, which ſatisfies us, which flatters us, which revenges us, which gives us *Wealth*, and which continues to pleaſe us. This is the true *Image* of a Law-ſuit, and the whole *Effect* it has on the Heart of *a Litigious Woman*.

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We muſt not ſtand gazing at the *Evils* it cauſes, but prevent them, avoid them, or cure them. Peace will ſupply us with all the means; it is that which knows how, and which can only give the Quiet of the Heart and Mind. It teaches us how to preſerve our Eſtates without Law-ſuits, or to make uſe of the Law without *Offence* to *GOD*.

The Quiet Woman.

PEACE is a Blessing we seek after, the *Charmes* it possesses we know not, tho' we concern our selves about the *Advantages* which it procures us; and for want of knowing the Value, that its *Tranquility* affords us, we cannot find the Height of its *Perfection*. To seek after it effectually, and to find it with Ease, we should be inform'd of its *Qualities*, its *Effects*, of the Store of its *Comelinesſ*, of that Stock of Blessing which it affords, of that sweet and quiet Happiness which is found only in it. What Weakness is it in the *Troubles* of a *Tumultuous* Life, full of such Cares as the Mind greedily catches at, to imagine to find a comfortable Peace, which is an absolute Gift of *GOD*, a Sense of the *Divinity*, a State or Temper, in which the Power of outward things do no longer act within us, and which being enlightned, separated, and dis-jointed from Worldly things, is rais'd above the Fears and Desires which such things usually produce. It is in these things that *Peace* consists, in a reasonable *Vertue*, or in a *vertuous Reason*, which comprehends a just *Will*, and a sound *Judgment*, an Heart seriously fixed on its *Duties*, a Mind throughly

throughly convinc'd of *Truth*, that perceives it, follows and loves it where ever it is. A right *Regulation* of ones Mind and Heart, is not above us, as we imagine; we are not allow'd to raise our *Knowledge* to certain Heights; but it is possible for us to redress them so far as they are to reach, and as the *Excellency* of our Understanding depends on *Providence*, which indifferently distributes *Common Sense*; *Righteousness* and *Truth* depend on the *Violence* which is made to those *Passions*, which oppose themselves to their *Effects*. Every Body may be perfectly rational if they will, their *Reason* depends on their *Will*, and on their *Reason* depends that *Peace* which it seeks after. In the Bottom of an Heart wasted with a Thousand *Incumbrances*; in the midst of a Mind that is cross'd, and led astray, and seduced by an Hundred *Errors*, there is no *Peace* to be found. Neither will it be found in the *Engagements* of a *Soul*, carried head-long by its own *Inclinations*, which freely yields to the Charms of a conceal'd *Passion*. It's *Divine Quiet* is quite opposite to those *Human Confusions* which disturb us: And if we would enjoy a true *Peace*, we must rightly seek after it, in *Truth* it self. A true *Peace* consists in the Quiet of the *Soul*, which nothing can disturb. We must be dis-ingag'd from those troublesome Thoughts which possesses our whole Lives, of that *Interest* which allows

us

us to attempt any thing of that *Self-Love* that prepossesses us, and renders us too sensible of all things; and this way which leads us to this *Peace*, is a certain By-way unknown to the Will. The Troubles and Cares of *Wealth* and *Riches* have Charms, which deface the *Quiet* of *Indigency*, and we easily sacrifice our *Tranquility* to our *Wealth*, without considering that all the Means and Riches of the World are not worth one Moment of that *Tranquility*, or of that *Quietness* that is unalterable; of that *Peace* which the Mind feels, which the Heart loves, and which reigns in a *Christian Soul*. But to make it sensible before hand of that *Immensity*, of that *Eternal* rest that is prepared for it. *Rest*, *Tranquility*, and *Peace*, which admits of no passionate *Vigilance*, nor of any deserved *Hatred*, nor of *Confusion* of *Affairs*, nor of the *Trouble* of *Disputes*, nor of the *Loss* of *Time*; but that communicates by its sweet *Temper*, and *Contempt* of *Riches*, a *Good Will* towards our *Neighbour*, a *Love* for *Justice*, which makes us to avoid all things that might disturb us. And because Law-suits and Cavils expose a *Soul* to an Hundred new *Dangers* of offending *GOD*, it flies from them, to the Loss of its Worldly *Interest*; and when at any time it finds it self forcibly engag'd therein, it maintains, it follows, and ends them, according to

Truth,

Truth, *Right*, and *Juſtice*. Such a *Man*'s Heart is equally peaceable in the *Tumult* of *Affairs*, makes Uſe of none but lawful and juſt Means to bring it about; becauſe he is exempted from that ſervile and guilty Fear of Loſſes, which *Intereſt* produces in thoſe to whom *Peace* is of leſs *Value* than *Wealth*.

A DESCRIPTION OF SELF-LOVE, OR, *The Predominant Passion of WOMEN.*

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

THO' all the *Passions* torment, agitate, and provoke us, yet there is one that still predominates over all the rest, and every one feels within himself a *Tyrannical Passion*, which being as a *Primum Mobile* to the rest, drags us where it pleases, and leads us by its *Violence*, to an Hundred different *Distractions*, from which we

we cannot defend our ſelves, through thoſe Charms that we find in it. It is our natural *Temper* that makes choice of one *Paſſion* to riſe above the reſt, and commonly every one follows an Opinion according to his *Inclinations*, and a *Paſſion* according to his *Nature*. But in this *Diſcourſe*, I do not pretend to perſwade this Truth, that of all the *Paſſions*, *Self-Love* is the moſt dangerous; I only deſign to deſcribe how that *Paſſion* is ſo predominant in *Women*, and the *Reaſons* why they all have the ſame? and that neither Rank nor Temper can hinder *Self-Love* from being the *Favourite* and *Darling* of that *Sex*, and to ſway a ſoveraign *Empire* over all *Women*. Yet I muſt except thoſe, who being ſenſible of the *Truth* I here deliver, and whole employ all their Cares to fortify themſelves againſt that charming *Propenſity*. They ought to fear it above all others, becauſe it is the moſt Natural, the moſt in uſe to them, and the moſt common. That *Women* are born with it, their *Reaſon* fortifies them in it, and their *Condition* engages them to it. As they are born more weak and tender, they favour themſelves in many things, and tolerate themſelves in many others; therefore it is ſo rare to find any *Women* exempted from *Pre-poſſeſſion* of the Mind, from a *Tendency* for *Fopperies*, an Obſtinacy in *Opinions*, and an *Inconſtancy* in all things. In a Concern

cern of *Intereſt*, a *Woman* has not the Power to moderate her violent Temper; and the Cauſe of this Diſorder is that *Self-Love* which over-powers her; that *Self-Love* ſo unknown, and yet ſo imperious, which maſters the Will, and makes it move according to its own *Pleaſure*.

It is of this very *Self-Love* that I deſign to give an *Idea*: In our ſelves, we have a certain Senſe, which makes us to deſire that which may render us happy, and which prepoſſeſſes us that this Happineſs conſiſts in the *Pleaſures* of the *Mind*, or of the *Senſes*. Betwixt the *Deſires* of Happineſs according to *Reaſon*, and *Deſires* which are inſpired to us by *Self-Love*, there is but one *Diſtinction*. The one incites us to deſire an Happineſs which we apprehend not, and which makes us to adore that ſoveraign Principle from whom we expect it; and the other makes us to deſire ſuch an Happineſs as we may feel, and know ſo ſoon as we deſire it. *Voluptuouſneſs* is in our *Souls* through the Means of *Self-Love*, but our *Happineſs* is found there through a *Chriſtian Soul's Deſires*: On the contrary, from the *Deſires* which *Self-Love* inſpires us with, are produced all thoſe various Niceties *incident* to *Women*, viz. *Pre-poſſeſſion*, *Careleſneſs*, *Vanity*, *Indulgence*, *Idleneſs*, and an Hundred other *Defects*, which they paſs under the Notion of the natural *Qualities* of their *Sex*.

So

So ſoon as the Heart is fill'd with that *Inſenſibility*, with that *Self-Love*, with a *Longing* after thoſe delectable things that flatter and pleaſe us, good Night to *Vertue*, *Reaſon*, *Honour*, and all ſuch things, as require a *Soul* rais'd above the common *Level*. *Self-Love* is the Principle of all the *Paſſions*, and of all *Vices*, it is more difficult to be deſtroy'd than all the other *Defects*; its Tyranny being a kind of Spur which pricks us on, and drives us towards our ſelves, to to ſeek after Flattery, and love our ſelves.

It is not difficult to love ones ſelf, becauſe it is a *Natural Right*, and that there is no being which concurs not, through a proper *Impulſe*, not only to its *Conſervation*, but to its *Satisfaction* alſo. Therefore *Self-Love* is the firſt *Paſſion*, I mean, the moſt *tenacious*, tho' not the ſtrongeſt: It is the moſt natural, the moſt mild, the moſt pleaſing, the moſt ſeducing, and all thoſe *Qualities* produce great *Effects* on *Womens Minds*; their *Complexions*, their *Temper*, their *Educations*, and their very *Ignorance*, render them more ſenſible of that *Paſſion*, which ever acts effectually with that *Sex*. There the proper *Qualities* join together, which frame an *Union* betwixt themſelves; and that *Paſſion*, and all thoſe others to which *Women* abandon themſelves, are mov'd by that *Self-Love*

Love, which ſtirs them up but to render them ſubſervient to its Deſigns, and employs them to aſſiſt it in the *Deſtruction* of *Vertue* and *Reaſon*.

Indeed if we but reflect upon the mighty Care and Pains that are continually taken in the *Education* of young *Women*, and more particularly of thoſe who are the beſt able to ſet a *Luſtre* upon *Vertue* by their diſtinguiſhing Rank and oppulent Fortunes, we ought to look down with pity, not to ſay *Indignation* on their Parents, who are at ſuch vaſt *Expenſes* as to make 'em ſo many *Scandals* of their *Families*, and publick Reproaches of their *Sex*. *Religion* they are utter Strangers to; *Vertue* they only talk off; *Goodneſs* they underſtand not, and every tender *Motion* of *Compaſſion* is odious to 'em, as ſubſtracting ſo much from the *Felicity* of their *Grandeur*, that it makes 'em mindful that Fleſh and Blood may be miſerable: The *Affluence* of their own *Circumſtances* makes 'em inſenſible of the common *Calamities* of a narrow *Fortune*. The humble *Proſtration* of every one about 'em fans that raging Fire that *Self-Love* had kindled, and by a continued Series of *Indulgence* and *Flattery*, they become ſo hard'ned in *Self-Love*, that no *Human Reaſon* can root it out of their Minds. Therefore, that *Self-Love*, which indulges her Mind in *Ignorance*, and her Body in aſe, inſpires her

with voluptuous *Inclinations*; alſo after it has brought her up to uſeleſs Trifles, ſo ſoon as *Reaſon* appears, *Self-Love* preſents her with agreeable *Objects* where with to ſeduce her, entertains the *Judgment* with *Projects* and *Deſigns*, that are uſeful and delightful; and according to her Heart's *Inclinations*, it gives her up to ſome *Condition* ſeemingly agreeable; it even deprives of all *Pains* and *Troubles* thoſe *Pleaſures* which it propoſes, and that *Joy* which *Self-Love* promiſes to the *Accompliſhment* of our *Deſires*, appears without *Mixture*; it never mixes *Pleaſure* with thoſe bitter things, which are felt in the uſe of *Pleaſure*, and when a *Woman* would check her ſelf for the falſe *Opinion* which ſhe had conceiv'd of *Pleaſures*, Ingenious *Self-Love* flatters her with what is to come, and makes her to wiſh for thoſe Delights that it repreſents to deceive her ſo long as it poſſeſſes her. Theſe are ſtill but its meaneſt *Effects*; it is that which makes *Women* to neglect the *Eſteem* of *Men*, or that makes us to ſeek too earneſtly after it. (*) With what do you think is a *Woman* pre-poſſeſſed, which engages her Heart, and endeavours to gain others, where Friendſhip has much leſs to do than *Love*, if not with an exceſſive *Self-Love*, which obliges her to ſeek after her ſelf, in ſtrange *Objects*, and to inſpire the

* *The wanton and looſe Woman.*

ſame

ſame *Deſires* in the Heart of that *Perſon* which has produc'd it firſt in hers. She communicates that *Self-Love* which ſhe feels in her ſelf: She carries her *Paſſion* to that *Perſon* in whom ſhe finds her *Delight*, and under the Pretence of loving one another, they both effectively love but themſelves; but that is not all, *Self-Love* is as great a Friend to *Intereſt*, as it is to *Voluptuouſneſs*. Thoſe *Women* who are obſerv'd to ſeek after advantageous *Friendſhips* with all the careful *Complaiſances* imaginable, thoſe who under laborious *Employs*, conceal that *Satisfaction* which they expect from their *Labours*, are not leſs Subject to *Self-Love*, than thoſe that abandon themſelves to a ſoft and idle Life.

There is a *Self-Love* that will endure *Labour*, as there is a careleſs one, yet they are ſtill the ſame; and a veil of *Piety*, which draws reſpect, is no leſs a *Self-Love*, than the Splender of a pleaſing *Gallantry*. Thoſe are deceiv'd that believe that *Self-Love* reigns only amongſt wanton and looſe *Women*, that it only abides amongſt them that are poſſeſs'd with *Voluptuouſneſs*, *Softneſs*, *Eaſe*, *Vanity*, *Obſtinacy*, *Pride*, *Senſuality*, and the Care of gratifying their *Paſſions*, and to yield to the Senſes of all the *Pleaſures*, which each in particular requires.

Thus we have demonſtrated our firſt Point; to proceed now to the ſecond,

(*viz.* the Bigots) is it not evident, that it is not only the gallant, wanton, loose *Women*, that are liable to these *Defects*; but those that profess *Piety* as well as those that glory in *Disorders*, have a Stock of *Self-Love*, which renders *Vices* familiar to them as well as to others, be-they take too little Care to suppress it. It is frequently observed that those who pretend most to *Devotion*, are those that *Love* themselves most: And amongst so many *Vertues* they boast of, there is not a Grain of *Charity* to be found; of that *Charity* which in obliging them to love *GOD* above all things, should at the same time incline them perfectly to hate themselves. And that is the *Reason*, that in this seeming and pretended *Regularity*, there are always found some *Reliques* of the *Old Adam*; wherefore you shall find your Bigot *Women* always more ready to resent an *Injury*, than those from whom one would expect the most passionate Retutns. They have less of Anger outwardly, but more of *Revenge* within, because that the Habit of *Moderation* renders their first *Motions* more calm, and the second more durable; and *Self Love* takes special Care to preserve in their Minds the *Remembrance* of the least *Injury*, which *Charity* might easily wipe off, if it lodg'd in their Hearts. The *Ignorance* of *Women* is a very surprising thing, it overpowers all their *Senses*, and *Self-Love* is the

Cause

Cauſe of it. No ſenſible *Woman* would flatter, applaud injuſtly, tollerate, and pardon their own Faults tho' very conſiderable, if they did not love themſelves ſo much better than others. We muſt be convinc'd of the flattering Manner, in which *Self-Love* preſents our evil *Inclinations* to us, and we can never be too ſevere againſt it, when we would have it do *Juſtice*.

It is with this *Mixture* of *Mildneſs* and *Severity*, that a *Woman* is to provide her ſelf with as to her *Conduct*; of *Severity* in what Concerns her ſelf, and of *Mildneſs* in reſpect to others. Her *Mildneſs* to others ſaves her from Slander, and her *Severity* towards her ſelf, will place her above *Self-Love*; that *Paſſion* ſo difficult to be overcome, as being the moſt univerſal and amiable.

As to thoſe *Women* that are not numbred amongſt the former for *Wantonneſs*, *Piety*, or *Wit*, but lead a retired Life, are aſſiduous in their *Affairs*, and apply themſelves in managing thoſe Means they have ſuitable to their own *Conditions*; theſe alſo are not wholy ſhelter'd from the woful *Effects* of *Self-Love*, which frequently is the *Motive* of their *Houſe-wifery*, and that makes them avoid all *Superfluities*: but as this *Self-Love* is of an inſatiable Nature, it frequently ſcrews *Oeconomy* up to *Avarice*. A *Woman* ſhall deny her ſelf thoſe things that are neceſſary through the *Satisfaction* ſhe feels

in the hopes of a *future* heap of *Wealth*, while at the ſame time ſhe procures to her ſelf a *Preſent* and real *Want*, of which ſhe is not ſenſible through the Blindneſs of *Self-Love*: And this is ſo certain, that amongſt ſuch *Women* of an ordinary *Condition*, who for the Benefit of their *Families* are concerned in ſome way of Trade, there is obſerv'd ſuch a ſtore of *Self-Love*, as governs all their *Actions*. It is very rare to find a *Woman* who takes Buſineſs upon her with a Spirit of *Meekneſs* and of *Carefulneſs*, and who has no other aim in it than her Duty, and the Fear of God. Never did the Praiſe and *Repreſentation* of the *Vertuous Woman* mention'd in the *Scripture*, appear a *Meer-Idea*, (of which the Reality can never be found) more than in this Age, and the Cauſe of it is, that *Self-Love* which deprives *Women* of all thoſe excellent *Qualities*, which the *Scripture* expreſſes as moſt neceſſary to render a *Woman* perfect. So long as a *Woman* yields to thoſe ſecret *Impulſes*, that eſtrange from a ſevere *Juſtice*, ſhe is incapable of *Perfection*; I ſay, the *Severity* of *Juſtice*, becauſe *Nature* has a *Tendency*, that is imperfect; which oppoſes it ſelf to Right, and which makes that even indifferent things become difficult to her. It is but with great *Information*, and many Struglings that a *Woman* can overcome ſuch a natural *Propenſity*, which leads her out of the way of *Perfection*.

fection. How can the moſt part of *Women* be able to uſe that generous way of tearing themſelves from their *Self-Love*, to give themſelves up to *Wiſdom*?

If therefore this inſinuating *Quality*, can find Ways and Means to ſupplant our *Reaſon*, what can we expect from thoſe *Ladies* whoſe Lives have been but one continued Thread of *Gaiety*, *Idleneſs*, *Ignorance*, *Vanity* and *Voluptuouſneſs*: How can this *Curſed Paſſion* be extirpated after ſo long an *Empire*, rivetted ſo firmly by the continued *Indulgences* of *Flatterers* in Acquaintance, *Flatterers* in *Converſation*, Flatterers in the moſt private *Retirements* with their own *Domeſticks*: In a Word, they ſuck'd it in with their *Milk*, and all their *Infancy* was nouriſhed up in a Thouſand *Opportunities* of creating *Self-Love*, if *Nature* peradventure had not ſuperceded that *Miſfortune* in our *Education*. There is a vaſt *Diſtance* betwixt idle *Converſations*, perpetual *Gaming*, ſlothful *Inſipid* aſſemblies, and *Vertuous Employments* that are continual. *Self-Love*, manages too well its own *Intereſt*, with thoſe *Women* that are given up to *Gaming*, to pleaſe them within ſight of that *Abyſſe*, which is betwixt their *Conduct*, and the *Maximes* of a *Chriſtian Life*; through which they can not paſs. And I wonder not that *Self-Love* which governs all *Women*, leaves not one Moment at the *Gamſtreſs*, her

disposal but to play in, or desire to do so: If they had but some free Moments from that *Pre-possession*, they could not behold the *Idleness* of their past Life, without proposing to themselves a more useful After-time: And that is one of the secret *Politicks* of *Self-Love*, so to guild over the Object that amuses them, that they ever be employ'd in it: Tho' really *Gaming* can never be call'd an *Employ*, being only a kind of moving *Idleness*, or a *Diversion* from better things; which should never be us'd, but to afford *Nature* some *Moments* of rest, to gratify its *Weakness*. But *Self-Love*, that seducing *Passion*, never proposes such ways to *Women*; but to surfeit them, and make them give up their whole Time and Heart to that *Foolishness*, which so well agrees with that *Passion*, that causes it to be so entirely belov'd; for *Self-Love* supports that *Idleness* of the *Mind* and *Body*, which feeds and nourishes it self; it fills the *Soul*, but does not nourish it; it is wholy devoted to that *Pre-possession* that lulls it asleep, and renders it insensible, and incapable of embracing those *Reflections*, and *Ideas* with the *Inspirations*, and all the *Impulses* which *Grace* and *Reason* promotes, in order to enlighten them.

But this *Self-Love* has so well establish'd it self in the Heart of *Women* through that *Maxime*, that thereby it is not only become

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the Cauſe of this ſoft and motionleſs way of Living, but it is the Cauſe alſo of a Thouſand *Pains* and *Labours*, that are annexed to another *Character*. It is the ſame *Self-Love*, that is the Principle of thoſe painful and laborious things in which Law-ſuit engages *Women*. Under thoſe melancholy wakeful Nights and bright Days without Reſt and Quiet, is conceal'd the moſt invincible, and moſt nice *Self-Love* imaginable: It is in the Practice of thoſe mean and toilſome *Solicitations*, that they find the moſt rooted good *Opinion* of themſelves. *Women* never love themſelves better than when it is at the Charges of all the Troubles that they moſt abhor, to enjoy the *Pleaſure* which they deſire; yet it would be an hard Taſk to make them acknowledge a Truth which they both feel and love, and which they will not own, but becauſe they would not part with their *Pleaſure*. The *Pains* and *Diſorders* which thoſe *Law-Cavils* and *Cuſtom* breed, are produced by *Self-Love*, and no *Woman* can deny (if ſhe is ſincere) but that it is that *Self-Love* which animates her, when ſhe takes upon her thoſe repeated Cares, which pleaſe her in the midſt of a Thouſand different *Vexations* that incompaſs her Mind.

Self-Love has in it ſomething that is ſo agreable to *Women*, that when once *Nature* has

has deliver'd them up to its Power, they are not contented to pass their whole Lives in the Custom which that *Passion* makes them to contract, but they also nourish, foment, and increase this *Passion* in themselves, and not stopping there as they entertain it themselves, they commu-nicate it to others; for it is a *Poison*, with which one becomes infected by *Meer-Conversation*, so dangerous and imperceptible, that it cannot be cur'd, except it be known, before one is tainted with it; or such Care be taken to destroy it with as much *Diligence* as there is taken to preserve it. I wish *Women* would frequently frame to themselves an *Idea* of this beloved *Passion*, and that they would but dive into the *Nature*, and *Effects* of it, thereby to avoid its *Power* and *Charms*, and not become Slaves to an effeminate *Passion*, which derives from the most *Illustrious Passion* in *Man*. For no Body can doubt but that *Love* is the Noblest of all the *Passions*; and it is certain, that through our first *Father's Sin*, that sublime, and natural *Love* of *Man* is degenerated into a guilty and sensual *Love*, and that the Spring of Bliss is become the Principle of a Thousand *Evils*; because that *Nature* which was temper'd with *Grace*, and whose *Inclinations* were laudable and holy, predominating *Charity*, destroying *Self-Love*, and not allowing to love our selves but in *GOD* alone, has chang'd

chang'd its *Nature:* Man has no longer look'd on Objects with the same Eyes he did before, the profitable and pleasing things have attracted his Desires; he has lost the Rellish of *Innocence*, *Self-Love* is become his Aim, his Motive and his Principle; he has no longer had a regard to please *GOD* in all things but himself; he has ever since valued himself, that fatal *Metamorphoses*, and after he had degenerated from that blessed way, wherein he liv'd plentifully in the Earthly *Paradice*, he has yielded himself up to an inordinate *Love* of himself, even in the midst of *Indigence*, and the wants of a corrupt *Nature*; so that from the happy *Estate* in which *GOD* had placed him, he has plunged himself into that *Abyss* of *Miseries* and *Sorrows*, in which he remain'd until the *Coming* of *Christ*. Not that this *Mission* of *Christ*, which has expung'd the Guilt of the *Old Adam*, was to re-establish *Man* in that *Perfection*, in which he was at first; but to confer on him the *Redeemer's Grace*, to enable him to enter into it by *Violence*; and the *Excellency* of the *Redemption* is an *Advantage* to *Human Nature*, because that in the *First Man* there was nothing difficult in the *Perfection* of his *Vertue*; but in the *New Man* he earnestly concurs, by his Will united to *Grace*, to the *Perfection* of his Merits; and he is so much above his first State by *Faith*, that he cannot

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but acknowledge how much *Nature* has been advanced ſince *Chriſt Jeſus* has purified it, by his *Coming*, his *Word*, and his *Grace*. By the *New Law*, *Man* finds himſelf to be a *Diſciple* of a *Crucified GOD*, who came to teach *Men* to become *Offerings*, and to make them comprehend, that to the *Confuſion* of the *Devil*, he did enable him to triumph over a perverſe *Nature*, and to be a *Sufferer* in Heart and Mind, that he might become a Citizen of *Glory* and of *Bleſſedneſs*.

But what was this World that was to be deſtroy'd, thoſe Enemies that were to be overcome, but that Store of *Self-Love*, which had the *Maſtery* over the *Firſt Man*. That *Love* of ones ſelf, and of his own *Intereſt*, that had plung'd him into a perpetual *Labour*, and an infallible *Death*, to which we have all been ſubjected? It was the firſt Motive of his Loſs, and is frequentl the Cauſe of ours; that is, the Monſter which is to be vanquiſh'd by *Grace*; which is given us, and about the *Deſtruction* of which we ought continually to be employ'd. It is againſt this ſo natural, yet ſo forbidden *Self-Love*, that we muſt have a perpetual Warfare, ſince our *Reward* is annexed to the *Victory* over that *Paſſion*, and that who ſo ever does not hate himſelf, muſt not pretend to thoſe Recompences reſerv'd only for thoſe that love none but *GOD*. But if it

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is so difficult for the wisest and best of *Men*, absolutely to destroy that Enemy; and that so long as we live, we retain that Hereditary Mark of the first *Infraction* of the *Law* of *GOD*; How much more difficult must it be to a weak, frail, inconstant *Sex*, and to speak more home yet, such a one as is so closely link'd to that enjoy'd *Effect*, to preserve it self from that *Illusion* of *Nature* and of the *Devil*, and to overcome a *Tendency*, which forces it not to any thing, but leaves it in a soft *Idleness*, in which those that love themselves continually remain? What Likelyhood for *Women*, who rarely examine themselves in order to be instructed, and that of every kind of *Knowledge* entertain but a bare *Desire* in the Heart, but not in their *Memory*, to withdraw themselves from those favourable *Reflections*, from that perpetual *Return*, which is nothing else but a *Circulation* which their *Imagination* and *Will* make upon themselves, which always terminates in a *Self-Applause*, as secret as unjust? What Means is there, I say, for those tender *Persons*, accustomed to a *Self-Love*, to divorce themselves from that *Corruption*, which their *Nature* and *Education* have communicated to them? How would you have a *Woman* to be capable of *Resolution*, and worthy to be intrusted, whose Weakness permits her not to keep a secret even with those *She-Loves*, nor to maintain the *Interest*

of

of *Truth*, against those she fears? It is the *Effect* of *Self-Love* in *Women* which gives them that great *Inclination* to divulge what they know of evil conceal'd in others, never being capable to keep in Silence that which is particularly confided to them. Wherefore, as a natural *Punishment* of *Temper*, those that are so bold in the Concerns of others, are very fearful on those of *Truth*, and you shall but rarely see them take with Zeal the part of such Persons as are oppress'd, tho' they be never so ready at the *Discovery* of the *Defects* of those Persons they are acquainted with; and this cruel *Conduct* is the common *Effect* of *Self-Love*, when once we love our selves, we cannot resolve to say such things of others, as would cause them to be belov'd, nor to conceal the Esteem *Men* have for us, by the Concealement of the secret by them intrusted to us.

A *Woman* fancies she may acquire great *Esteem* from her own *Indiscretion*, and a great *Advantage* from her *Complaisance*; and that false *Opinion*, continues her in the *Practice* of those evil *Maximes*, and always keeps her close to that Stock of *Self-Love*, which makes her act in that manner.

In this Case the *Effects* support the Cause, *Self-Love* produces those evil *Fancies*, that are the Causes of a Thousand unjust and unreasonable

reasonable *Actions*; and these irregular *Actions* in their turn, maintain the *Soul* in those evil *Practices*, which afterwards return to their Spring, to take and give such new fatal Powers as conduce only to *Corruption* and *Disorder*. This is the *Effect* of *Self-Love*, which may be term'd an *Evil*, that contains all others; since there is no *Disorder* in the World, which does not acknowledge that *Passion* to be its Principle: And I am of *Opinion* that *Christianity*, *Politie*, and *Morals*, cannot make an *Honest Man*, of a *Man* that too much loves himself; *Justice* being necessary in all *Conditions*, but cannot subsist with *Self-Love*, which always takes the part of *Voluptuousness* and *Pleasures*, never considering that *Submission* which the Body owes to the Mind, and how we are oblig'd to do *Violence* to our selves, that so we may become just. *Self-Love* gives a *Licence* to our *Inclinations*, and leaves our *Desires* free in their Disorders; not busying it self, but to flatter our Mind, to render pleasing to us, the Custom of hearkning to its *Allurements*, and so to order things that we may not be possess'd but with a good *Opinion* of our selves, and to make us singular even in publick Concerns, by prefering our selves before all things else, and not observing the Law, but withal the *Reservedness* that it proposes to us, banishing all those severe and laborious *Duties*, where-

wherewith we cannot dispense nor exempt our selves from without being guilty.

Self-Love is opposite to the *Law*, and to *Worthiness*, it affords us no *Desires* but for *Greatness*, for *Beauty*, or for *Riches*; setting *Ambition*, *Voluptuousness*, and *Avarice*, nothing pleases it: And it is by those unhappy *Passions* that we preserve *Self-Love*, as it is by the same *Self-Love*, that we preserve those three *Passions* in our Hearts; It is because we love our selves, that we would be rais'd above others: It is that same *Love*, which makes us to desire those Objects, which we fancy may increase our *Delights*; it is on the same Account also that we accumulate *Wealth*, that the more we have of our own, the less we may depend on others, and have more to depend on us. The unhappy *Custom* establish'd by *Interest*, infuses such Thoughts in the *Covetous*, and in effect they daily see People of the best Rank, renounce the lawful *Rights*, which they have receiv'd from their *Ancestors*, and yield their Rank, submit their *Reason*, and what is more, sacrifice *Truth*, to acquire some small Means, or meerely to gain the *Esteem* of those that are Wealthy, and this with a Design to confirm or increase their *Reputation*; believing that *Reputation* depends on the *Recommendation* of those whom *Riches* has brought into *Credit*: So that *Self-Love* has the Art of rendring

rendring *Covetous*, not only those who possess *Wealth*, but even those also that have none. It is not less through a Principle of *Covetousness*, that we do an ill thing to gain *Wealth*, as that we hoard it up when got. It is the same to follow a *Rich* Man that avoids us, as to fly from a *Poor* Man that pursues us. A Man is as covetous in hunting after *Wealth*, as in hoarding it up; and *Self-Love* is not less busy in the one, than in the other; for we love our selves in relation to our *Fortune*, when we hate our selves in relation to *Honour*; and *Women* are very apt to embrace that kind of *Covetousness* which is brought forth by *Self-Love*: They consider Persons but in reference to their *Fortune*, and the abundance of *Wealth*, is the *Standard* of their *Esteem*: They also measure a Man's *Merits* by the Largeness of his Purse; for when they go about to praise any Person, his *Wealth* has a great share in it, and they rarely bestow the like Praises on a Person indowed with all the *Vertues*, when *Fortune* is averse to him, and this is, because *Self-Love* will not permit a *Woman* to praise another's *Merits*, who has nothing but his good *Qualities* to be admired by, and no *Means* to feed their Hope with; so true it is, that we love intirely our selves, and that we cannot applaud nor ingage a Person, from whom we promise not to our selves some particular Advantage in some manner

or other, and on whom we fix not our Hopes of ſome *Advantage*; which is the Cauſe of the Good we do others, by the juſtifying their *Conduct*, or proclaming their *Vertues*. It is the Spring of all *Evils*, of all *Vices*, and of all *Errors*, that *Self-Love* ſo extended, and ſo ſecret; why is it not purſued with the ſame Zeal, to deſtroy it, that the *Apoſtles* and *Martyrs* of former times were animated with, to ſacrifice it to the ſevere Yoke of *Penitence*, or to *Martyrdom*? how beautiful would it appear in theſe Days, I mean not thoſe bloody Offerings that maintain the *Truth* of *Religion*; but thoſe Godly *Retirements*, where Tears were abundantly ſhed, for the *Converſion* of *Sinners*? Thoſe Aſſemblies of *Illuſtrious Virgins*, which were ſo eſteemed more through their *Vertues* than their *Births*, that paſs'd their Lives in the ſevere *Exerciſe* of a *Mortification*, as continual as voluntary? thoſe *Virgins* who were ſo many *Examples* for thoſe of our *Age*, and which it is much to be fear'd, will be the only *Example* that will remain for future *Ages*; thoſe *Virgins*, I ſay, in whom the more *Self-Love* did murmur, agitate it ſelf, act, and reſiſt, the more it did enable them to oppoſe its Fury; and whoſe *Deſires*, animated by a couragious and inſpired *Will*, had overcome all the *Impulſes* of a rebellious and corrupt *Nature*: But all the Wiſhes that I could expreſs on this

this *Occasion*, would be as useless as the Words which I write. Tho' all those Writings that blame *Self-Love*, be never so much seen and read, and those *Impulses* that condemn it felt, it is stronger than all, and it would be impossible to subdue it, without that assisting *Grace* which incourages us, and raises us up. Which *Grace* is never wanting to us, if we require it with a real *Desire* to obtain it; it is frequently the *Carelessness* of making the *Request*, that renders the *Prayer* fruitless. We must make use of Zeal to obtain the *Victory* over a *Passion*, which dulls our Will, and that cannot be vanquish'd without Fervor, because that of all the *Passions*, it is that which is most friendly to Rest, all the other *Passions* cannot use their *Violence*, without agitating our Hearts, our Bodies, and our Minds; but *Self-Love* acts with all its Power in the most perfect *Tranquility*, and causes neither *Motion* nor *Agitation* in us. Its evil *Actions* can naturally abide in the most quiet *Condition* and *Situation*, in which any *Creature* can be, it may have a *Self-Love*, even to *Excess*, and tho' sometimes this *Passion* is found in the midst of *Troubles*, it is also met with in *Tranquility*; that for which Reason it is so common to *Women*, the soft and easy Life they lead, those *Fooleries* that amuse them in a senseless and continual *Idleness*, is a Bait for *Self-Love*; and it is very natural to love ones self extremely, when

one leads ſuch a Life as *Women* do now a days I wonder not, that in the *Opinion* of the *Wiſeſt Perſons*, all the *Vertues* that *Women* ſeem to have, are ſuſpected, and that it is difficult to imagine that any perfect thing can be produc'd from that which is not ſo of it ſelf; for commonly thoſe outward *Appearances* of *Modeſty*, which might be the Arguments of *Piety*, are but thoſe of *Superſtition* and *Bigotry*; their Firmneſs is but a pure *Obſtinacy*, and their *Mirth* is always mixt with a World of *Indiſcretion*.

But how comes it to paſs, that what would be counted laudable *Qualities*, and even *Vertue* in others, becomes *Vice* and *Diſorders* in them? It is becauſe *Self-Love* makes Choice of thoſe *Vertues* which they profeſs. They incline to *Piety*, becauſe they are naturally inclined to a *quiet* and *ſober Life*, and frequently alſo, becauſe they love *Slander* better than they do *Voluptuouſneſs*, for under that Veil they fancy that they may talk of others, while they take from others all Occaſion to ſpeak of them. They maintain their Opinions without *Reaſon* and *Intermiſſion*; not becauſe they underſtand, but becauſe they love them; and the Reaſon that they never yield, is, becauſe thoſe falſe *Ideas*, with which they pre-poſſeſs themſelves, ſtand them in ſtead of *true Reaſon*, and they would have them to paſs ſo with others,

and

and that their bad *Reasons* are preferred to those good ones that are given them; and that the last that speaks they repute to be in the Right. They are always sure to be on the best side in that respect, but moreover when they allow themselves any pleasant Conversation of *Wit*. It is never with the necessary *Moderation* that should authorize it. They always adict themselves to things beyond Measure; their *Seriousness* is forced, and their *Joy* extravagant; and that Point of *Vertue* which leaves the Soul in an equal *Temper*, is not found amongst them, because *Self-Love* does always lead them to the most blamable *Extremities*, and permits them not to perceive the *Excess* which spoils all things, but in other Persons, and never in themselves. That *Self-Love* does so blot out all the good *Qualities* in *Women*, that tho' they may be capable of *Learning* and *Policy*, it is always with so much *Pre-possession*, that their *Pride* and *Subtility* is sooner discover'd, than their *Application* and *Prudence*. You never see her in Businesses of the *Mind* and *Understanding*. A *Woman* act like an understanding *Man*, there is still some Grains of *Pride* or of *Weakness* in them, that spoils all they do or understand, and it is not without Reason, that *Custom* has barr'd them from the *Knowledge* of the *Sciences*.

Moſt frequently *Study* ſpoils a *Woman* more than it improves her, and their own *Nature*, cultivated by a right *Reaſon*, is always more ſolid and more agreeable, than when their *Brains* have been tormented to learn, more with deſign to *ſeem* to know, than to know *realy*. Their quick *Apprehenſion* may ſometimes carry them ſo far as to conceive ſome right *Ideas* of great things; but that fixed *Temper* of the *Mind* that is neceſſary to ſupport that firſt Attempt, is not to be found in them: Their *Reflections* are ſo far from ſtrengthening the *Idea*, that it blots it out, and that pleaſes them in the Agreeableneſs of any great *Deſign* that they propoſe to themſelves, yields to the *Satisfaction* they take to deſtroy that *Reſolution* which they had taken; and becauſe this *Mutability* of *Opinions* is natural, by reaſon of that *Self-Love* that predominates in them, they neither are very *Wiſe* nor very *Learned*, and yet they might attain to either with more Eaſe than *Men*, if they would but apply themſelves to deſtroy that *Paſſion* of *Self-Love*.

It is a *Pre-poſſeſſion* without *Senſe*, and a *Nicety* without *Reaſon*, that deprives them of all thoſe great Parts for which their natural *Temper* ſeems to be fram'd, if their *Self-Love* was but put away, and that through a worthy *Reſolution*, they force themſelves from the *Power* of that deceitful

Charm

Charm that keeps them continually in play.

An *Underſtanding Woman* would certainly go beyond any *Man*; her quick *Apprehenſion*, her *Penetration*, her *Nicety*, the *Heat* of her *Courage*, the *Subtilty* of her *Ideas*, which are mov'd by a more ſudden *Motion* than in *Men*, would render her capable of the higheſt *Enterprizes*, and of the moſt ſudden *Excecution*: And at the ſame time that *Flame* that renders her temperate when ſhe pleaſes, would make eaſy thoſe *tedious Ways*, through which they are to paſs, to attain to *Reputation*, to *Fortune*, and to *Vertue*: Then nothing would be difficult to a *Sex*, to which now nothing is ſcarce poſſible, becauſe *Self-Love* makes all *Pains* ſeem unſufferable to them, all *Cares* troubleſome, all *Employments* uneaſy, and ſetting aſide the *Pleaſures* which they deſign, all things elſe appear *dull*. It is with *Conſtraint* that ſome *Moments* are allowed to the *Performance* of things which *Duty* and *Neceſſity* obliges them to do: Thoſe *Moments* are found ſo *tedious*, tho' never ſo *ſhort*, that the meaneſt *Motives* that can but exempt them from performing thoſe *Duties*, appear very reaſonable, that they preſently embrace them, and all becomes reaſonable enough to engage us to abandon *Reaſon*.

Theſe are the *Weakneſs*, the *Unjuſtice*, and *Diſorders*, that *Self-Love* brings us to;

we cannot free our ſelves from it, but by ſuch a generous *Contempt* of our ſelves, as may free us from thoſe too great Concerns that we have for our own *Intereſts*, and that inſpires us with a neceſſary *Exactneſs*, a *Severity* that checks the meaneſt *Defects*: Thoſe vertuous *Qualities* which are form'd in a profound *Humility*, are the Principles of the other *Vertues* : *Accompliſhment* is annexed to the Practice thereof, it ſanctifies all the natural *Motions* of the Heart, and thoſe brave *Women* of former Ages, that have been *Examples* to *Poſterity*, were fill'd with Hatred of themſelves. No Perſon can be above, the Croſſes of *Fortune*, and of the *Accidents* of this Life, but thoſe that are above themſelves. No Perſon can be capable of enjoying a right *Reaſon*, and perfect *Health*, but ſuch as can overcome and hate themſelves. Wherefore no *Woman* ought to fancy her ſelf *Rational*, *Wiſe*, and *Accompliſh'd*, that entertains any *Self-Love*. *Women* in other reſpects, have ſo many *Priviledges* above Men, that it ſhould animate them to overcome a *Paſſion* which renders them inferior to *Men*. It is nothing impoſſible, that ſuch an *Accompliſhment* requires of them; they may, without leſſening their *Fortune*, their *Credit*, their *Beauty*, their *Quiet*, render themſelves worthy of the *Eſteem* of the moſt Judicious; they need but to entertain a little more of good *Order*, of *Truth*, and of *Juſtice* in their

Con-

Conceptions, in their *Discourses*, and in their *Conduct*; then would *Self-Love* soon be turn'd out of their Souls, banish'd from the World, and to the Honour of the fair *Sex*, we should be oblig'd to acknowledge, that they had been greater *Conquerors* in the subduing of that *Passion*, than all the *Courage* and *Valour* of *Men* have perform'd in so many Ages.

THE END.

A Comical

VIEW

OF THE

Transactions that will happen in the Cities of *London* or *Westminster*.

OR, THE

MERRY QUACK;

Wherein

Physick is Rectified for both the *Beaus* and *Ladies*.

In Two Parts.

The First Part Written by the late Ingenious Mr. *Thomas Brown*.

The Second Part Written by Mr. *Edward Ward*, Author of the *London Spy*, &c.

LONDON, Printed for *Sam. Briscoe*, 1705.

A Comical

VIEW

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS

That will happen in the Cities of

London and *Westminster.*

Continued Weekly.

From *October* 16. to *October* 22.

Gentlemen,

W*Hereas the Town has been Banter'd near two Months with a Sham Account of the Weather, pretended to be taken from* Barometers, Thermometers, Hygroscopes, Telescopes, *and such Heathenish Instruments; by which means several of her Majesty's good Subjects have put on their Frize Coats, expecting it should Rain, when it has been Fair; and wore their best Cloaths, thinking*

thinking it would be Fair, when it has Rain'd, to the no little Detriment and Prejudice of their aforesaid Cloaths and Persons: And likewise, whereas the Planets that have regulated the Almanacks for about two thousand Years, have been most wickedly slander'd by a late Author, as if they had no Influence at all upon the Weather, the Publisher of this Paper has been perswaded by his Friends to Print these his Infallible Predictions, gather'd from the Experience of thirty Years and upwards; and will warrant them to be true, tho' he never Travell'd Abroad, nor pretends to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, nor calls himself the Unborn Doctor, nor has the Seed of the Female Fern, the Green and Red Dragon, or any of the like Secrets.

Wednesday 16.] CLoudy foggy Weather at *Garraway*'s and *Jonathan*'s, and most Coffee-houses, at and about Twelve. Crowds of People gather at the *Change* by One, disperse by Three. Afternoon Noisie and Bloody at her Majesty's Bear-Garden in *Hockley-in-the-hole*. Night sober with broken Captains and others, that have neither Credit nor Money. If Rainy, few Night-walkers in *Cheapside* and *Fleet-street*. This Week's Transactions censur'd by the Virtuosoes at *Child*'s from Morning till Night.

Thurs-

Thurſday 17.] Coffee and Water-gruel to be had at the *Rainbow* and *Nando*'s at Four. Hot Furmety at *Fleet-bridge* by Seven. Juſtice to be had at *Doctors-Commons* when People can get it. A Lecture at *Pinners-Hall* at Ten. Excellent Peaſe-porridge and Tripe in *Baldwin*'s *Gardens* at Twelve. At Night much Fornication all over *Covent-Gardent*, and five Miles round it. A Conſtable and two Watch-men Kill'd, or near being Kill'd in *Weſtminſter*; whether by a Lord or a Lord's Foot-man, the Planets don't determine.

Friday 18.] Plenty of Cuckold trudging from all parts of the City towards *Horn Fair* by Eight. Damſels Whipt for their good Nature at *Bridewell* about Ten. Several People put in fear of their Lives by their God-fathers at the *Old Baily* at Eleven. Great Deſtruction of Herrings at One. Much Swearing at Three among the Horſe-courſers in *Smithfield*; if the Oaths were Regiſter'd as well as the Horſes, good Lord, what a Volume 'twould make! Several Tails turn'd up at *Paul*'s School, *Merchant-Taylors*, &c. for their Repetitions. Night very Drunk, as the two former.

Saturday 19.] Twenty Butchers Wives in *Leaden-Hall* and *Newgate* Markets overtaken with Sherry and Sugar by Eight in the Morning. Shopkeepers walk out at Nine to count the Trees in *More-fields*, and avoid

Duns.

Duns. Peoples Houſes clean'd in the Afternoon, but their Conſciences we don't know when. *Jews* fornicate away the Sabbath in *Drury-Lane* and *Wild-Street*. Evening pretty Sober.

Sunday 20.] Great Jangling of Bells all over the City from Eight to Nine. Pſalms murder'd in moſt Pariſhes about Ten. Abundance of Doctrines and Uſes in the Meetings, and no Application. Vaſt Conſumption of Roaſt-Beef and Pudding at One. Afternoon ſleepy in moſt Churches. Store of Handkerchiefs ſtolen in *Paul*'s at Three. Informers buſy all Day long. Night not ſo Sober as might be wiſh'd.

Monday 21.] Whores turn'd out of the *Temple*, *Grays-Inn*, &c. by Six. Catchpoles up early to ſeize their Prey againſt the firſt Day of Term. Journey-men Taylors, Shooemakers, and 'Prentices Heads ake with what they had been doing the Day before. Tradeſmen begin the Week with Cheating as ſoon as they open Shop. If Fair, the Park full of Women at Noon, ſome Vertuous, and ſome otherwiſe. Great ſhaking of the Elbow at *Will*'s, &c. about Ten. Two Porters fall out at Putt in a Cellar in the *Strand* at Twelve preciſely.

Tueſday 22.] Wind, whether E. W. N. or S. no matter, but in one Corner or other of the Compaſs moſt certain: If high, the Beaus adviſed to be merciful to their long

Periwigs.

Periwigs. Muſlins and Pepper riſe at the *Eaſt India* Houſe at Twelve. Calicoes fall before Two. Coach'd Maſques calling at the Chocolate-houſes between Eight and Nine. Baſtards begot, and Cuckolds made this Week numberleſs.

Advertiſement to Ladies.

W*Omen, whether with Child or no? Children, whether Male or Female? Young Maidens, whether they will have their Sweet-hearts, or no? and Lovers, whether Able and Conſtant? The Critical Minute of the Day to Marry in. What is the beſt Hour for Procreation. Huſbands, whether long Liv'd or no? The ſecond Match, whether Happy or Unhappy? What part of the Town beſt for a Sempſtreſs to thrive in? What the moſt fortunate Signs for a Shopkeeper, and under what Planet to be ſet up? With other like Queſtions, fully and ſatisfactorily Reſolved by me* Silveſter Partridge, *Student in Phyſick and Aſtrology, near the* Gun *in* Moorfields.

From *Octob.* 22. to *Octob.* 29.

Gentlemen,

I *Am glad that my last Week's Predictions were so happy as to please you, and for that Reason am encouraged to proceed. Did the Town require it of me, I could much enlarge my Predictions, and foretel what will happen in Foreign Countries, as well as what will fall out in* London: *As for Instance, I could tell you, that the Czar of* Muscovy, *is going to make Hemp dear in the* North. *That the King of* Spain *is like to raise the Price of Iron in the* South. *That Bullets fly as thick as Hail in* Livonia; *and Bribes in the* Conclave. *That his* Polish *Majesty is as sick of* Riga, *as the* Scots *were of* Darien; *with other Matters of the like Importance, which I shall omit at present, and come to Things that concern us nearer. But before I proceed to them, I have a Word or two to say for my self; Some Persons that are in the* Barometer-*Interest, have found fault with my last Paper, because I foretold turning up of Tails at* Paul's *and* Merchant-Taylors *last Friday; whereas nothing of that happen'd: To which I answer, That if a certain Apostle had not interposed to give the Boys a Holiday, my Prediction had been true; and I will lay any of those Gentlemen*

men a hundred Pounds to a Penny, that it proves ſo moſt Fridays in the Year.

Wedneſday 23.] LOng Vacation departed this mortal Life, to the great Joy of all the Sons of Parchment, laſt Night at Twelve, and died not worth a Groat. Morning opens with a furious Hurricane, call'd, *Michaelmas*-Term, that will blow and bluſter in the Weſt, till the twenty Eighth of the next Month, and a Week after. Clients knock up their Council by Six. Conſtables hurrying down to *Weſtminſter* at Nine, to ſee that the Law ſhall not run out of the Hall. A dozen Country-Attornies Breakfaſt in Hell by Eleven. Weather Stormy and Tempeſtuous at the Bar all Day long. Night Calm at the Tavern.

Thurſday 24.] Wind ſtill continues to blow in the Weſtern Quarter. Four thrifty Barriſters crowd into a Skull about Nine, and ſcore their Clients a Coach for it. Six Couple Pair'd at *Dukes-Place* near Ten, repent next Morning. The Death of the King of *Spain*, and a new War concluded upon, by the Half-pay Officers at the Parade, near Eleven. Stock-jobbers buſie at *Jonathan*'s from Twelve till Three. Much Ratling of the Frail-die, at Young *Man*'s among the Disbanded Captains, and little loſt. Juries ſwallow their Claret in the

Afternoon as glibly at the Bell in *Westminster*, as their Oaths in the Morning; Get Drunk by Eight: *Book Bess*, and *Betty S——ds* Mutiny at the Corner-Chocolate-House in *Bridges-street*, about two Penny Glasses of Usquebaugh at Nine.

Friday 25.] The Goddess of Scolding, up by Five in the Morning at *Billingsgate*, from thence removes to the *Temple-stairs* at Seven, takes a pair of Oars at Nine to *Westminster*, stays there till all her Black Guard are dispersed and gone. Mr. Ordinary visits his melancholy Flock at *Newgate* by Eight. Doleful Procession up *Holborn-hill* about Eleven. Men handsome and proper, that were never thought so before, which is some Comfort however. Arrive at the fatal Place at Twelve. Burnt Brandy, Women, and Sabbath-breaking repented of. Some few Penitential Drops fall under the Gallows. Sheriff's Men, Parson, Pick-pockets, Criminals, all very busie. The last concluding peremptory Psalm struck up. Show over by One. French-Men bit in *Smithfield* by the Horse-coursers at Three. Shoo-makers at Night drunk all over the Kingdom, in Honour of Prince *Crispin*.

Saturday 26.] Landresses bring the young Barristers their Linnin home, and take up their own to shew their Respect to the Law. Citizens post to their Country-Houses,

Houſes, and leave their Prentices to comfort their Wives. Shoals of Country-Puts come to Town about Five, with their Pockets well cramm'd; but that Cormorant, call'd *Equity*, will ſoon clear them. Barbers, Butchers, and Milliners up till Midnight, and all for the Benefit of the Sabbath.

Sunday 27.] Taylors curs'd for not bringing the fine Cloaths home at the promis'd Hour. Great Ogling at *Covent-Garden* Church and other Places, from Ten to Twelve. A She-Quaker holds forth in her Stays in *Grace-Church-Street*, to the great cramping of the Spirit. Miniſters Preach againſt Sins, but the People ſtill Practice it, and are like to do to the end of the Chapter.

Monday 28.] City-Poet inſtructing his Gods and Goddeſſes all the Morning, how to behave themſelves in a Pageant, and welcome my Lord-Mayor. Cooks buſie in raiſing Pye-cruſt Fortifications, which the Heroes of *Cheap-ſide* will ſtorm moſt manfully next Day. Old *Eaſt-India* Company look as ſcornfully upon Bank-bills, as the Lawyers in *Weſtminſter-hall* do upon *Forma Pauperis*. But this is no News.

Tueſday 29.] Windows in *Cheap-ſide* ſtuck with more Faces at Ten, than the Balconies with Candles on an Illumination-Night. Wicked havock of Neats-Tongues and Hams in the Barges about Eleven.

Artillery-Men march by two and two, burlesqued in Buff and Bandileers: Need not wear Head-pieces, their Wives having fortified that part to their Hands. The Vintners and Brewers, the Butchers and Apothecaries justle about Precedence; 'Tis pity they are not incorporated. The Ladies pelted with dead Cats, instead of Squibs from Twelves to Three. Mob tumultuous. Boys starting to see that, which, as the Old Woman said, they must all come to one Day. No quarter given to Custard at *Guild-hall*. Night moist and wet within the City-Walls.

Advertisement to Ladies.

THE best time to Cut Hair. How Moles and Dreams to be Interpreted. When most proper to Bleed. Under what Aspect of the Moon, best to draw Teeth, and cut Corns. Pairing of Nails, on what Days unlucky. What the kindest Sign to graft or inoculate in; to open Bee-hives, and kill Swine. How to get Twins. And how many Hours boiling my Lady Kent's *Pudding requires: With other notable Questions, fully and faithfully Resolved, by me* Silvester Partridge, *Student in Physick and Astrology, near the Gun in* Moor-fields.

Of whom likewise may be had, at reasonable Rates, Trusses, Antidotes, Elixirs, Love-Powders,

Powders, Waſhes for Freckles, Plumpers, Glaſs-Eyes, Falſe Calves and Noſes, Ivory Jaws, Stiptic Drops to Contract the Parts. A new Receipt to turn Red Hair into Black: As likewiſe, the Famous Annulus Anni-cornutus, *or a Ring to prevent Cuckoldom, very uſeful for all married Perſons: 'Tis a Hair Ring, of a bright beautiful Red within, and is of that wonderful Efficacy and Vertue, that ſo long as a Man keeps it on his Finger, he may defie all the Devils in Hell, nay, what's more, the Wife of his Boſom to Cuckold him, tho' ſhe has never ſo great a Mind to it.*

From Octob. 29. *to* Nov. 5.

Wedneſday 30.] TRadeſmen flock in their Morning-gowns to the Purl-Houſes by Seven, to cool their Plucks which they had over-heated in my Lord-Mayor's Service the Night before. A mighty Buſtle in the Halls about ſtraggl'd Plates and Diſhes, aud Bottles miſſing. Sollicitors and Clerks bawling out for Pudding at the Spread-Eagle about Twelve. Air infected with Perjury and Knavery in *Weſtminſter*, and ſo like to continue moſt part of the next Month. The noble and ancient Recreation of Round-Robin, Hey

and Whipping the Snake, in great Requeſt with the merry Sailors in *Wapping*. A Country Client pick'd up by a *Fleet-ſtreet*-Strowler at Nine; what between the Whore, and his Lawyer, eas'd of all his Ready before he gets to Bed. This comes of Whoring, and going to Law!

Thurſday 31.] Young Barriſters troop down to *Weſtminſter* at Nine; cheapen Cravats, and Handkerchiefs, Ogle the Semſtreſſes, take a Whet at the *Dog*, or a Slice of Roaſt-beef at *Heaven*, fetch half a dozen Turns in the Hall, peep in at the Common-Pleas, talk over the News, and ſo with their Green Bags, that have as little in them as their Noddles, go home again. Summon'd by penſive Sound of Horn to rotten roaſted Mutton at Twelve: Leave a Paper in their Doors, to ſtudy Preſidents and Caſes for them all the Afternoon: may be heard of at the Devil, or ſome neighbouring Tavern till One in the Morning. Theſe are all the Motions, as far as I can judge by the Stars, that they are like to make this Term.

Friday 1.] Great Preparations at the Bear-garden all Morning, for the noble Tryal of Skill that is to be play'd in the Afternoon. Seats fill'd and crowded by Two: Drums beat, Dogs yelp, Butchers and Footſoldiers clatter their Sticks: At laſt the two Heroes, in their fine borrow'd *Holland* Shirts,

Shirts, mount the Stage about Three; Cut large Collops out of one another, to divert the Mob, and make Work for the Surgeons: Smoaking, Swearing, Drinking, Thruſting, Juſtling, Elbowing, Sweating, Kicking, Cuffing, Stinking, all the while the Company ſtays. Vizor-maſque very buſie in the Pit at Seven, in picking up a Cully, perſuaded, with much ado, to accept of a Pint at the Roſe, puts up the comfortable *George* among her Thimble, Nutmeg, and Braſs Seal, in her Pocket; diſpenſes her favours in a Chair; which the Spark is ſure to remember ſometime next Week in a Stool. Law muzzled up this, and the Day following.

Saturday 2.] Hundreds of poor *Souls* confin'd in that wicked Purgatory; the *Fleet*, or *King's Bench*, and not like to be pray'd out in haſte. Woollen-Drapers perſecuted by unmannerly Factors from Eight to Twelve. *Spittle-fields* Weavers hover about the Changes all the Morning; return for the moſt part, empty. Divines buſie in turning over St. *Auſtin* and St *Gregory*, to Retail them next Day to their People. French Proteſtants buy Bullocks-livers, Sheeps-heads, and ſtinking Beef to make *la-Soupe Royale* on *Sunday*. Commode-Women in *Pater-noſter-row* buſie with their Heads in the Day-time, and Tails in the Evening. Shopkeepers at Night, in their Counting-houſes, compute

compute what they have Cheated all the Week, that they may go with clear Consciences to Church next Morning. Vintners buy up Sloes in all the Markets at Eight; put them to another Use than their Fore-fathers ever knew of. The new Invention of making good *Bourdeaux* Wine of *Herefordshire* Cyder, and good *Herefordshire* Cyder of *Middlesex* Turnips, practised every Day in their Cellars. To be fear'd that the next Generation will Debauch our very Turnips.

Sunday 3.] Beggars take up their respective Posts in *Lincoln*'s *Inn-fields*, and other places, by Seven, that they may be able to Praise God in Capon and *March*-beer at Night. Parish-Clerks liquor their Throats plentifully at Eight, and chaunt out *Hopkins* most melodiously about Ten. Sextons, Men of great Authority most part of the Day, whip Dogs out of Church for being Obstreperous. Great Thumping and Dusting of the Cushion at *Salters-hall* about Eleven. One wou'd almost think the Man was in Earnest, he lays so furiously about him. A most refreshing Smell of Garlick in *Spittle fields* and *Soho*e, at Twelve. Country Fellows staring at the two Wooden Men at St. *Dunstan*'s, from One to Two, to see how notably they strike the Quarters. The great Point of Predestination settled in *Russel-Court* about Three; and the People go home as wise as they came thither. A

merry

merry Farce, call'ed, *The Confuſion of Babel*, acted at Surly *Wat*'s Coffee-houſe in the Eveniug, and laſts from Five till Ten. Great Squabbling, Buzzing and Prating from the Baronet's-Club, down to the noiſie Footmen below. Terrible Swearing in the Kitchen for the Boy's not bringing the vile *Darby* in time. Beef call'd for at every Table, and Miſtreſs Cook moſt mightily importun'd for a Carrot.

Monday 4.] A Brace of Foot-ſoldiers mount the Wooden-horſe in the Park by Eight, for Prophaning the Lord's Day with builking of Sconces. The Lady *Law* goes in mighty State to *Weſtminſter-hall*, attended by her God-mother *Aſſurance*, and her Daughter *Prattle*; her Train carried up by *Delay* and *Poverty*. Knights of the Poſt to be had in the *Temple-walks* from Morning till Night, for two Pots of Belch, and a Sixpenny Slice of Boil'd-beef. Balconies ſet out with Candles at Six. A Quaker in *Cheapſide* has his Windows demoliſh'd for keeping his Light to himſelf, and grudging it his Neighbours. The Tallow-Chandlers ſuch Dutiful and Loyal Subjects, that they don't care if there were twenty and twenty Birth-days in a Year, to help off with their Commodity.

Tueſday 5.] Bells at Four in the Morning ring the Downfal of Antichriſt. The Whore of *Babylon* moſt unmercifully pelted

all

all Day Long. This it is to be an old, decay'd, batter'd Harlot! The Pope's Bulls baited in most Congregations about Eleven. *Bellarmine* run down, and *Suarez* confounded by Twelve. The Pope call'd abundance of hard Names, as, Man of Sin, Strumpet, and what not? *Ditto.* Made the Beast with ten Horns; that is, a worse Beast by four Pair of Horns than any in *Cheapside*. *Ditto.* Did he live in *London*, the Grand Jury of *Middlesex*, and our new Reformers wou'd certainly Indict him for keeping a lewd disorderly House. Night clear and light in all the Protestant Streets. Watches, Whores, Clocks, Widows, Physicians and Lawyers tell Lies every every Day in the Week.

From Nov. 13. *to* Nov. 20.

Gentlemen,

I *Disappointed you last Week, but am apt to flatter my self that you'll Excuse it, when you know the Reason. I was sent for into the Country, to Cure a Gentleman's Lady that was troubled with a Palsie in her Tongue to that Degree, that she could not speak one Word distinctly; but upon my telling her Husband, that three quarters of the Married Men in the King-*

dom

dom, would give half they were worth, to have their Wives in the same Condition, and that it was much better for his own and his Spouse's Repose, for her to continue as she was, the Gentleman was pleased to take my Advice, and so I returned to London. *But before I dispatch this short introduction, give me leave to say a Word or Two in justification of my Paper. It has been Industriously given out by some Gentlemen, who have no faith in the Planets, that I trussed up the* Newgate *Prisoners a Fortnight before it happen'd. I own that I was out as to the Day; but as to what I foretold concerning the Ceremonies of the Execution, as singing the last concluding Psalm, picking of Pockets under the Gallows,* &c. *I dare engage that every Tittle would have proved true, tho' the Government had Hanged those same Fellows three hundred Years hence. Far be it from me, or any Protestant Astrologer to set up for Infallibility, and 'tis well I don't, for who knows but the* Conclave *wou'd send for me to make me Pope, in Case I pretended it, and then you'll say the Church wou'd be finely Govern'd. But Gentlemen, I hope I shall never change my Religion, tho' the King of* Poland *did so. If this Paper should not please you as well as the Preceding Ones, I promise to make you full Amends next Week, when I intend to give you a full Account of my Pills and other Medicaments*

so

so famous for Curing the Distempers of both Sexes.

From my House in *Moorfields*, next Door to the *Gun*, *Nov.* 12. Silvester Partridge.

Wednesday 13.] HAlf-pay Officers at the Parade very uppish upon the Death of the King of *Spain*; speak disrespectfully of Flipp, talk of taking their leave of Darby-Ale, and renewing their Acquaintance with Claret. A new married Man in *Fleet-street* goes six times a Day to drink his Porringer of Jelly-broath at the *Diapente* Coffee-house: But little comes on't, his Wife knows. *Currat Lex*, *Floreat Discordia*, the Motto of *Westminster-Hall* all this Term,

Thursday 14.] Little News stirring this Morning, unless a Review of the Foot-guards happens. *Mars* and *Venus* seem to foretel it, however I won't be positive; but if it does, what follows will most certainly fall out. Officers with Plume in Hat, Sashes, and Gorget, make a magnificent Appearance; wish the Agent at old Nick; ther Out-sides wondrous Fine, their Pockets lined within but so so. Faggots Summon'd in from all parts of *Westminster*. Whores and Bayliffs busie to pick up the military Sparks, so soon as the Show is over.

Friday

Friday 15.] Much Baudy, Nonſenſe, Noiſe, and Tobacco in the *Graveſend* Tilt-boat about Five in the Moring. The Duke of *Anjou* depoſed from his Kingdom of *Naples* at the *Amſterdam* Coffee-houſe exactly at One. Six Welſh Attorneys Dine upon Five Herrings at the *Goat* in *Chancery-lane* at Two; a Quarrel happens upon the unequal Diviſion of them, and a long-winded Law-Suit upon that. The great Vertue of Pacing-ſaddles aſſerted in a Lecture in *Greſham*-Colledge at Three. Two Men kill'd behind *Montague*-houſe at Four. Tunes numberleſs Murder'd in the Muſick-houſes in *Wapping* and *More-fields* all the Night.

Saturday 16.] Several worthy Gentlemen in party-coloured Robes, lately inſtalled to the Tune of, *Methinks I'ſpy a Brother*; with much Gravity in their Looks, and very much Miſchief in their Hearts, buſie in the Litigious-Hall all this Morning. A great Medley of ill Voices, and the Devil-a-jot of Harmony at the *Jews* Synagogue about Ten. A Receipt how to Dine upon good wholſome Air, to be had of Six ancient Perſons, who are to be found in *Grays-Inn*-walks every day at One. Tradeſmen ſummon'd before the Court of Conſcience for defrauding their Journy-men of their Wages. If ſuch a Court were erected to puniſh thoſe who defraud their poor Wives, the Lord have mercy on all unperforming Sinners, between

White-

White-chappel and *Temple-bar*.

Sunday 17.] Surgeons knocked up by Twelve-penny Customers at Seven, and hindred, as they say, from going to Church, but Ten to One whether they wou'd have gone thither; tho' no Body had visited them. Dumplins, far exceeding those of *Norfolk*, at the *Half-moon*, in *Cheapside* and the *Rose* by *Temple-bar* at Eleven. Citizens whet away their Stomachs, and judiciously censure the Sermon in most Taverns about Twelve? in the Strength of Roast-beef, and the Sunday-bottle of Claret, give their Wives a comfortable Refreshment on the Couch about Two: Beget Block-heads to continue the City-breed. A Magistrate with a Golden-chain about his Neck, Snores inordinately in a Conventicle at Three. Tradesmen's Wives Treat their Children at the Farthing-pye-houses at Four. Not one Physician at Church, except the City-bard, within the Bills of Mortality. The Bankers in *Lumbard-street* want *David Jones* to put 'em in mind of their Sins.

Munday 18.] 'Prentices Summon'd before the Chamberlian at Ten, to Answer for their undutiful Rebellion against the Cook-maid. Lozenges, Butlers, Horse-balls, Tutors to young Noblemen, Nephritick-stones, Brewers-clarks, Diapalma Plaisters, Ladies Women, Sago, second-hand Sermons, *Goa*-stones, and Receipts how to make a Pudding,

to

to be had at the *Fleece* in *Grace-Church-ſtreet*, from *Munday* Morning till *Saturday* Night. Evening very Drunk with the Journey-men Shoomakers in St. *Martins*. Heads hot next Morning.

Tueſday 19.] Six Daughters of *Mercury* and *Turpentine*, bilk their Lodgings in *Spring-garden*, and carry off all their Effects in a ſingle Sheet of brown Paper about Nine. Great whiſpering and nodding among the Politicians at the *George* in *Iron-monger-lane*, from One till Four. City Preferments diſpoſed off, and Lord-Mayors and Sheriffs Elected there for a Hundred Years to come. A noiſy, Toubleſome, crop-ear'd Coxcomb at *B*——Coffee-houſe in *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, tires every thing but his own Lungs, with ſettling the Spaniſh Succeſſion, and contriving Matters for the Parliament, at Four. The Author of this Paper is as dull as a lawfully begotten Citizen's eldeſt Son; but 'tis hop'd he'll mend.

THE MERRY QUACK; OR, PHYSICK Rectified, FOR THE *BEAUS* and *LADIES*.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

From Nov. 20. *to* Nov. 27.

Gentlemen,

I *Promised in my last, to give you an Account of my Pills and other Medicaments, so deservedly Famous for Curing all manner of Distempers, and am now as good as my Word. I confess it goes somewhat against the Grain to display my self thus in Print, since so many Ignorant Quacks have made the Method Infamous; and indeed nothing but my great Regard for the Publick, to which, as St.* Austin

says,

ſays, every honeſt Man ought to ſacrifice all private Conſiderations, cou'd have induced me to appear in a Paper in this Nature: But if a thing is to be totally lay'd aſide for the Abuſe of it, Good-night to the Law and the Goſpel; we muſt e'en turn our Pulpits into Powdering-tubs, and Weſtminſter-hall *into a Meal-market. So much by Way of Introduction.*

I Have been often grieved to ſee the noble Art of Phyſick ſo run down and deſpiſed, and invaded as it has been of late; but to ſay the Truth, the Profeſſors may thank themſelves for it. They are eternally Jangling and Quarelling at the *Colledge*, and perſecuting one another, while they ought to lay their Heads together, and Unite to baffle thoſe undermining Enemies of Mankind, call'd Diſeaſes. This wou'd be an Employment worthy of their moſt ſerious Thoughts, and recommend them to the good Opinion of the World; but, as Affairs are managed at preſent, they don't ſo much endeavour to reſtore People to their Health, as to make a vain Oſtentation of their Learning. The firſt thing they think of, is to ſet up an *Hypotheſis*, as they call it, even before they think of ſetting up a *Coach*; and as they make all the Shifts in the World to ſet up the latter; ſo 'tis to keep up their beloved *Hypotheſis*, they ſtrain every *Phenomenon*

in Nature to make it bear that way. 'Tis a melancholy, but true Obſervation, that as our Number of Phyſicians has increaſed, ſo the Weekly Bills have done the ſame.

Gentlemen, I was born with a natural Antipathy to all Diſeaſes whatever, as ſome People are to Cheeſe and Onions. I hate Diſeaſes, and Diſeaſes hate me; by the ſame Token they fly from my Preſence, as 'twas obſerved in the laſt great Plague, that the Dogs by natural Inſtinct ran away from the City-Dog-killer: Neither can I blame 'em for it, for I make it my conſtant Buſineſs to deſtroy 'em Root and Branch whereever I meet 'em. But Gentlemen, don't miſunderſtand me; tho' I kill the Diſeaſe, I do the Man no Harm, like Lightning that melts the Sword, aud never injures the Scabbard.

To qualifie my ſelf for this noble Profeſſion, I never troubled my Head with reading *Hippocrates*, *Dioſorides*, *Selſus*, *Galen*, and other reverend Blockheads of Antiquity, neither did I think it worth my while to looſe any time in peruſing the modern Coxcombs, for ſo I may juſtly call them. No, Gentlemen, I went a wiſer way to Work; inſtead of turning over old muſty Pagan Volumes, I have walked over every Mountain in *England*, *Scotland*, and *Wales*: I have enquired into the Nature of every Plant and Vegeetable; examined every Moſs, Graſs, and Flower, and by Vertue of thirty Years Obſervation

vation and upwards, have forced them to confeſs their reſpective Vertues and Qualities.

Nor was this all; for ever ſince I have been able to write, I have kept a conſtant Correſpondence with all the knowing experienced Men in our Faculty from *London* to *Japan*; I don't mean thoſe nonſenſical Hobby-horſes, the Virtuoſoes of *Holland*, *Spain*, *Italy* and *Germany*, that value themſelves ſo much upon their Philoſophy, and the Lord knows what unintelligible Stuff. I only concern'd my ſelf with Men that read the great *Folio* of Nature, and inſtructed themſelves out of that. I have maintain'd a Monthly Commerce theſe twenty Years with the Famous *Demetrius Baſilowiski*, Phiſician to the preſent *Czar* of *Muſcovy*, with the Induſtrious *Abrahim Alibanali*, who ſerves the *Grand Signior* in the ſame Capacity, with the Courteous *Achmet Ben Iſhmael*, Doctor to the *Sophi* of *Perſia*, with the Inquiſitive *Ibin Hafna Muladezar*, who conſtantly attends the Perſon of the *Great Mogul*, and the Infallible *Kara Shu*, who reſides in the Palace of the *Emperour* of *China*; not to mention the Phiſicians belonging to the powerful Monarchs of *Tonquin*, *Malabar*, *Mingrelia*, *Biſnagar*, *Golconda*, *Gurgiſtan*, *Pegu*. *Siam*, *Sumatra*, *Palemban*, and the reſt; from whoſe Obſervations, to me moſt friendly communicated, as likewiſe my own Experience, I have arrived to a

greater Knowledge than any Physician before me, as will appear,

First, By my *Pillula Intentionalis*; or, my *Intentional Pill*. I defie any Physician in the King's Dominions to shew me the like. It never Works but when the Recipient wou'd have it, and therefore is of singular Use for all Persons who may be obliged to take Physick, and yet by reason of their Employments and Business cannot confine themselves to their Chambers. I dare engage that a Man may take it upon a Journey, and never be incommoded by it. Last *Easter*-Term, I gave it to a *Yorkshire* Attorney, the very Morning he went out of Town, who had no occasion to Evacuate till he came to *Leeds*. But what is more surprizing, one *Ezechiel Tar*, Boatswain to the *Sampsom*, took three of them at *Deptford*, upon *April* 16, 1699, and intended they should never Work with him till he came under the *Equinoctial*, and accordingly so it fell out, and then he had a Stool, that any Prince in Christendom would have been glad of, as he inform'd me in a Letter, dated from *Fort St.* George, *Nov.* 22. In short, a Man that takes it, may Adjourn and Prorogue his Backside, as long as he pleases; and this, as I take it, can be said of no Pill now known in Christendom.

Secondly, My *Pillula Divulgatoria*, or, my *Divulgatory Pill*: The great Excellency of

of this Pill lies extorting Secrets from whoever takes it: Very proper conſequently for married Men in *Cheapſide*, *Cornhil*, or any part of *England*, to know how their reſpective Wives ſtand affected to them; for as 'tis no bigger than a Pin's Head, ſo if the Party dextrouſly ſlips it into a Glaſs of Ale, or Wine, or any ſuch Vehicle, and gives it his Wife, it will make her tell all the Secrets of her heart in her Sleep; as for Inſtance, Whether ſhe has actually Cuckolded her Huſband, or has only intended it; as likewiſe who is the Perſon ſhe moſt admires.

Thirdly, My *Pillula Otioſa*; or my *Idle Pill*. This is the ſtrangeſt Pill of 'em all, for 'tis neither Diaphoretic, nor Diuretic, nor Hedrotic, nor Hypnotic, nor yet Emetic; that is to ſay, it neither operates by Stool, nor Urine, nor Sleep, nor Vomit; and yet makes a ſhift to do its Buſineſs by doing nothing at all, as ſome Lawyers do theirs, by being bribed to hold their Tongues.

Fourthly, My *Pillula Anti-Moabitica*; or, my *Anti-Moabite-pill*. A Man that takes one of theſe Pills before he ſtirs out of his Lodgings, tho' he ows as much Money as the two late Sheriffs were worth, yet may go and whet his Knife ſafely and ſecurely at the Counter-gate, and the Devil of a Sergeant dares meddle with him, by reaſon of ſome wonderful *Effluviums* it ſends out of

the *Thorax*: Very useful for breaking Tradesmen, disbanded Officers, and others in the same Predicament. In fine, 'tis infinitely better and cheaper than a Protection from a L——d or a P——t-Man. Tho' I constantly keep sixty Operators at work, yet I can hardly serve the Town for their Occasions. I would say more of it, but an ancient Gentlewoman, who has Buried four Husbands, and is in hopes to Bury the fifth, stays for me below in the Parlour, to have her Fortune told: So, Gentlemen, Adieu till next *Wednesday*.

From the Globe *and* Urinal *in* Moor-fields, *next Door to the* Gun.

Yours, &c.
Silvester Partridge.

From Nov. 27. *to* Dec. 3.

Gentlemen,

THE Hebrew *Language, I know I shall be censured for making this Ostentation of my Learning; however, I am resolved to go on with my Shew; but the* Hebrew *Language, I say, is the most expressive, significant Language in the whole World, as will appear by the following Instances: The* Hebrew *Word for* Woman, *signifies* Forgetfulness; *and I'll appeal to you, whether any thing*

thing can be more Emphatical? Don't the frequent Elopements in Fleet-ſtreet, Cheapſide, *and all parts of the City, ſhew, that the firſt thing your Married Women* forget, *is their Mariage-Vow, and their Duty to their Huſbands? Thus likewiſe in the ſame Tongue, the ſame Phraſe expreſſes both* Death *and* Mariage. *Now, tell me, Gentlemen, is not* Mariage *the* Death *of* Love? *and does not Experience ſhew, that moſt Men had better go to their* Graves, *than the* Nuptial-Bed? *They alſo uſe the ſame Word to expreſs a* Beau *and a* Butter-fly; *and is not the whole Eſſence of a* Beau *expreſs'd in that of the gaudy Inſect above-mentioned? And laſtly, Gentlemen, to come to the Point I drive at, (for I would not tire you with too many Particulars) one* Hebrew *Word ſignifies both* Phyſicians *and* Dead Men; *and indeed, as the World is managed at preſent, a Man may reckon himſelf as good as* Dead, *who goes to conſult a Doctor; So much is the noble Art of* Phyſick *debauch'd of late!*

THE two Epidemical Diſeaſes of *England* are the *Scurvy* and *Conſumption.* They were all-reigning Diſtempers of this Iſland a thouſand Years before *Julius Cæſar* came to make us a Viſit; as any Man that deſires to be ſatisfied, will find by the Hiſtorians of thoſe times; and ſo they ſtill continue, notwithſtanding we have had ſo many

many famous Physicians among us. Now, is it not a Shame, a most horrid Shame, that the most *Protestant* Lungs in the Universe, and those which deliver the most *Evangelical* Truths, should be invaded by this fatal Disease? and is it not a thousand Pities, that a People who have the purest Souls, should have the nastiest Bodies?

I have blush'd, nay, I profess, I have been scandaliz'd, when some Foreigners from *China*, *Bisnagar*, *Circassia*, *Trepizond*, and *Mingrelia*, have come to see me, and desired me to carry them to our Churches in the Winter. I have been scandaliz'd, I say, to hear such Barking, and Wheezing, and Coughing there, when they have nothing like it in *Lapland*, *Norway*, and *Livonia*, which Countries lie so much more to the *Northward* than we do. Some ancient Alderman or Deputy of a Ward first begins the Harmony; then, like a Train of Wild-fire, it impudently runs up to the Communion-Table: After this it gets into the side Iles, and then, Good Lord! there's such a Noise, that no Body's a Farthing the better for going to Church! The Parson he loses all his fine Quotations out of *Gregory* and *Chrysostome*, which cost him so many precious Hours the Saturday before; the People loose the End of their coming to Church, which was to hear those Learned Quotations; that honest Clerk looses a delicious Quaver upon one

one of *John Hopkin's Ekes*, and *Ayes*, being moſt maliciouſly interrupted in his Melody by a Whoreſon Cough. In ſhort, Parſon, Clerk and Congregation are all Loſers.

Now to obviate and prevent this diſgrace of our three Kingdoms, I have been thirty Years and upwards contriving my *Anti-tuſſient Pills*, which are compounded of thoſe admirable Balſamic Ingredients, that, Gentlemen, the Party that takes them, may lie up to his Chin in Water for a Fortnight together, or cover himſelf all over in Snow, as naked as when he came firſt into the World, and if he Coughs forty Years after that, I am content to loſe my Ears. Let any Man, that diſtruſts the Vertue of my *Anti-tuſſient Pills*, make the Experiment, and if, as I have ſaid before, he Cough forty Years after that, I engage before this honourable Company, to be his Bond-ſlave.

And then as for the *Scurvy*, which ſeems to have ſet up her Head-quarters in *Wales* and *Scotland*, I have found out a *Puloic Mundificativus*, altho' a Man made as wretched a Figure as a patient Gentleman, who has been very much abaſed by a certain City-Knight, did upon the Dung-hill, yet in a Minute, I'll make him *Rectus in Corpore*.

But Gentlemen, my Talent is not confined only to theſe two Diſtempers: I Practice alike upon all Diſeaſes, and with the ſame Succeſs and Facility.

Show

Show me a Fellow that has got as much Water in his *Abdomen*, as will fill the Tun of *Heidelburg*; ſhow me, I ſay, ſuch a Fellow, if you dare. I wou'd willingly ride two thouſand Miles at my own Expence to ſee ſuch a Sight. Now, you'll ſay, what will you do with him, when you have got him? Why, before you can anſwer me what's this, I'll tap his *Abdomen*, and ſet him to rights.

Show me a *Scrotum* diſtended to the ſize of honeſt Mr. *Moxon*'s Globe upon *Atlas*'s Shoulders in *Warwick-lane*, I'll reduce it to its Priſtine State, while a *Virtuoſa* at *Child*'s is ſupping his Diſh of Coffee.

Show me a Son of *Bacchus*, who by his indefatigable lifting up his Hand to his Head, and his nocturnal Induſtry, has acquired as many Pimples in his Face, as there are Jewels in *Lombard-ſtreet*, nay, whoſe Phyz is ſo fiery and rubicund, that it wou'd put the laſt Conflagration out of Countenance: I have a Water, that in a Moment, ſhall extinguiſh all theſe *Vulcano's*, and make him look as fair as a Sinner newly come out of the Powdering-tub, or, if you pleaſe, as pale as a Guinea-dropper, when he's carried before a Worſhipful Juſtice.

Show me a Man ſo pitted by the Small-pox, that his Face looks like the Map of *Switzerland*, with the Hills and Vallies

in

in it, with my *Lympha Cosmetica*, or my *Levelling Drops*, I'll make it as even as a Bowling-green.

But what I most value my self upon, and indeed I defie any Doctor within the Bills of Mortality, (you see I circumscribe them, Gentlemen, within their own Dominions) to do the like, I have so improved the ancient and laudable Art of *Ouro-manteia*, or *Ouroscopy*, that is to say, of Prognosticating all future Contingents by Urine that the like was never heard of in *Europe*. I know that several Blockheads pretened to tell a Man the present State of his Body, by seeing his Urine (and what Fool by the Broth cannot make a shift to guess at what Meat is in the Pot;) but I have carried my Disquisitions much farther: As for Instance, Let an *Attorney* bring me his Water, and I will tell him how his Client's Cause will go in *Westminster-hall*, aud whether any of his Adversary's Witnesses are like to Perjure themselves. Let a young *Maiden* shew me but a Thimble-full of her Urine, and I will resolve her when she shall be married, how many Children she shall have, and what their respective Fortunes shall be. This, Gentlemen, may suffice at present, to let you see I can do somewhat more than my

From the Globe *and* Urinal *in* Moor-fields, *next Door to the* Gun.

Yours, &c.
Silvester Partridge.

Bre-

Brethren. Next *Wednesday* I shall address my self to the Ladies.

From Dec. *the* 3. *to* Dec. 11.

Ladies.

I *Suppose it will be granted me without much Difficulty, that* Beauty *is the greatest Priviledge and Blessing, which Heaven has bestow'd upon your Sex. Even* Vertue *it self, as Magnificently as some People love to talk of it, is inferiour to* Beauty. *This you'll think to be a Paradox, but 'tis easily Demonstrated. Is it not the Business of* Vertue *to* wait *upon* Beauty, *and to* guard *it from all rude Invaders? Now will any Man in his sober Senses, maintain that my Ladies Gentlewoman is above her Mistress? By the same sort of Reasoning he might as well pretend that a surly Beef-eater is as good a Man as his Majesty, which Heaven forbid!*

TIS to this happy Qualification, I mean to your *Beauty*, Ladies, that you owe all your Conquests and Acquisitions. *Charity* may carry a Woman into a Nunnery, but it will never prefer her to a Monarch's Embraces; and *Money*, the most powerful Magnet next to *Beauty*, tho' it brings you abundance of Hypocrites, was never

never guilty of making one real Lover ſince the Creation. 'Tis by your *Beauty* that you make ſo many of your Admirers hang and drown themſelves every Year, to the unſpeakable Satisfaction and Comfort of your Hearts. By this you Triumph over the Severity of the Wiſe, the Indifference of the Inſenſible, and the Reſolution of the Brave. This made *Julius Cæſar*, and after him *Mark Antony*, to lay their Lawrels in *Cleopatra*'s Lap. *Judith*'s Eyes firſt pierced *Holofernes*'s Heart, before her Hands ſmote off his Head. *Hercules*, tho' his Sinews were as ſtrong as Cable-ropes, yet a ſingle Hair of his Miſtreſs *Omphale* dragg'd him whither ſhe pleaſed.

How many Gallant Officers do we daily ſee in our Streets, who at the Seige of *Namur*, marched up boldly to the very Mouth of the Cannon, and received no harm, that have been ſince wounded by the fatal Glances of the *Belinda*'s and *Melaniſſa*'s in the *Park* and *Play-houſe*?

Not to inſiſt any longer upon this Head, 'tis plain, that the Prize was long ago determin'd in Favour of Beauty by *Priam*'s judicious Son, upon Mount *Ida*, when the three Goddeſſes appear'd before him in their *Puris Naturalibus*, and that nothing in the World is able to maintain its ground againſt it. It diſarms *Fortitude*, it blinds the Eyes of *Juſtice*, it has betrayed *Prudence* into a thou-

ſand

ſand Follies, it has inveigled *Temperace* into a Female Coffee-houſe, where it has Taught her to Debauch in wicked Cherry-brandy, and Dr. *Stephens*'s Water. In ſine, Ladies, had it not been for this, ten to one but the Men had long ago practiſed a piece of *Jewiſh* Policy upon her Sex, and contrived ſeparate Apartments for you in their Houſes, as the Sons of Circumciſion ſtill do in their *Synagogues*.

Can you then ever do enough, Ladies, for the Man, who by Heaven's Bleſſing upon his Indefatigable Application and Induſtry has attain'd to the *Secret* of not only continuing this Bleſſing to you, but even of beſtowing it upon thoſe, whom Nature never befriended with it, who has found out an Antidote againſt thoſe tertible Things, call'd Wrinkles, and can ſecure all your Charms to the laſt Moment of your Life? Ought you not to hang up his Picture in your in our Bed-chambers and Cloſets? Ought you not to erect Statues to him, ſince by a contrivance, much more ſurprizing, than that of a modern Uertuoſo's making a Burning-glaſs of Ice, he can Teach your Eyes, even at Fourſcore to inflame Hearts, and burn them to Tinder?

You complain of the great Inconſtancy of the Men, and indeed, I will not pretend wholy to excuſe them: But, alas! Ladies, you'll ſoon drop this Accuſation, if

you

you conſider that your Faces are as changeable as they. When you have once ſeen Twenty, that impudent Underminer, Time, daily ſteals a Charm from you, and why ſhould the Load-ſtone complain of the Iron for not dancing Attendance after it, when it has loſt it's attractive Vertue; Lovers are of the Religion of the *Perſians*, worſhip the riſing Sun, and never mind him when he Declines. In ſhort, Ladies, Love follows Beauty, as the Shadow follows the Body; and for a Woman to Dream of getting Gallants, when that has left her, is to expect as great a Miracle as Tranſubſtantiation wrought in her Favour, where the Accidents continue, when the Subſtance, that ſupported them, is demoliſh'd. But this, I preſume, is no Age for Miracles.

What farther Diſcoveries, I have made in my Profeſſion for the Service of your Sex, I intend to Publiſh in my next, and in the mean time beg Leave to Subſcribe my ſelf,

From the *Globe* and *Urinal* in *Moor-fields*, next Door to the Gun.

Yours, &c.
Silveſter Partridge.

From Dec. 11. *to* Dec. 18.

Ladies,

BEauty *is ſo unſpeakable an Advantage, and a Jewel of ſo ineſtimable Value to the Poſeſſors of it, that you muſt excuſe me, if I preſume to Preach to you upon the ſame Subject again; which I purpoſely do, that you may take the more care to preſerve it; for, between Friends be it ſaid, a Woman that neglects her* Beauty, *is in a fair way to neglect her Soul.*

WHatever has been ſaid by ſome Orators, concerning the mighty Power of Eloquence, may with more Juſtice be attributed to *Beauty*: 'Tis the moſt perſuading Advocate in the World, by the ſame Token, that it pleads its Cauſe, even when it is ſilent. If it appears at Court, every Door flies open to receive it: Gouty decrepit Miniſters of State, who are deaf to all the World beſides, wou'd not ſtir from their Couch to hear a Biſhop, run and liſten to it with Admiration and Pleaſure. If 'tis engaged in a Law-ſuit, it ſoftens the auſtere Judge; nay, the beſt Councellor of 'em all, is proud to open its Cauſe. At Church, and at both Theaters it draws the

Eyes

Eyes of all Spectators; it confers Grace and Greek, for it makes Deans and Prebends; it confers Fortitude too, for it makes Colonels and Captains; it draws Shoals of Cuſtomers to the Coffee-houſe or Tavern where it inhabits; it begets numberleſs Serenades and Sonnets: In ſhort, its Health is toaſted in all Companies, and its Name written in all Glaſs-windows.

Some have ventured to make a Parallel between *Muſic* and *Beauty*, but with great Injuſtice to the latter in my Opinion; for, Ladies, to expreſs my ſelf like a Philoſopher, that which we receive in at our Ears, makes infinitely a weaker Impreſſion upon us, than what our Eyes convey to us; But this is not all, for *Beauty* is the Mother of *Muſic*, as appears by the numberleſs Songs that are made to it; and is't not rediculous to the laſt degree, to prefer the Oblation to the Divinity that receives it? If *Orpheus* and *Amphion* drew *Stones* after them by the Influence of their Harmony, I'll appeal to you, Ladies, whether *Beauty* has not done the ſame Thing a Thouſand times, and all by the Power and Prevalence of its Charms.

*B*ut, alas! when a Perſon, let her Condition and Quality be what it pleaſes, has once loſt this *Treaſure*, ſhe may ſhut up her *Exchequer*; ſhe's perfectly dead to this wicked World, and is no more regarded by the Sparks of the Town, than the *Barome-*

Papers are by the Tradeſmen, ſince they have been ſo wickedly bilk'd by them. What is more afflicting, her very Huſband, who was acceſſary in part to the Deſtruction of her *Beauty*, (Ladies, you know my Meaning, without explaining my ſelf farther looks upon her with the ſame Contempt and Scorn, as he does upon a Play that has been thrice damn'd: All that ſuch an unfortunate Perſon has left her to do, is to Adminiſter to the Pleaſures of others, when ſhe is paſt them herſelf; which is as great and mortifying a Fall, as it wou'd be in a Gentleman, that uſed to play upon his own Head at the *Groom-Porter*'s, to content himſelf with being an humble Spectator, or Dealing the Cards to the reſt of the Gameſters.

And as for thoſe unfortunate Women, that never enjoy'd it, ought they not to run barefoot to the *North Pole*; ought they not to cut the *Equinoctial* and viſit both *Indies* to procure that Qualification, (if it were poſſible for Travelling to procure it,) which wou'd not only protect them from Contempt, but give 'em an Empire over all that behold them?

But, Ladies, you need not give your ſelves the Trouble to Travel ſo far: You that have *Beauty*, and are willing to preſerve it, and you that were born without it, and deſire to obtain it, need only make a

ſmall

ſmall Viſit to Dr. *Silveſtor Partridge*, next Door to the *Gun* in *Moorfields*, and he will do both your *Buſineſſes* for you effectually.

It may be ſaid perhaps that no young Woman in the World ever thought her ſelf Ugly, as no Wit ever thought himſelf dull, and conſequently that this Advice is loſt to them: But to prevent this Objection, I have at home a *Speculum Veritatis*, or an *Impartial Looking-glaſs*; which no Aſtrologer in the Univerſe has beſides my ſelf, into which, whoever looks, he ſhall ſoon ſpy all his Infirmities: The Wit ſhall find himſelf to be a Coxcomb, and the Lady ſhall own her ſelf to be Deformed, altho' ſhe is a Dutcheſs.

Does it not then highly behoove, (pardon me, Ladies, if I expreſs my ſelf with ſome Warmth) does it not highly behoove every individual Woman in the three Kingdoms, who poſſeſſes ſo precious a Flower, to cheriſh and nurſe it up with all the Care imaginable? Is ſhe not obliged in Point of Reputation and Intereſt (whatever you, Ladies, may think of the former, I am ſure you ought not to neglect the latter,) to maintain the thing that contributes ſo much to her Peace at home, and her Satisfaction abroad? And can any thing be more unnatural, than to omit the preſerving of that Structure, and ſuffer it to run to decay; up-

on which her Security as well as Pleasure depends?

But, Ladies, lest I should seem to invade your own Prerogative, which is that of Talking more than comes to my Share, I will here break short and conclude. Next *Wednesday* I intend to hold forth to you upon these three great Destroyers of *Beauty*; Paint, Cold Tea, aud *Ratifia*; and in the mean time am

From the *Globe* and *Urinal* in *Moor-fields*, next Door to the Gun.

Yours, &c.
Silvester Partridge.

The End of the First Part.

The

The Second Part

By Mr. *Edward Ward*,

Author of the

LONDON SPY.

Continued Weekly.

From Jan. 6. *to* Jan. 13.

PErhaps you may aſcribe my Fortnight's Omiſſion, to the ſame Pollicy practis'd amongſt the good natur'd Ladies of the Age, who often withdraw their Favours from their Gallants, on purpoſe to whet their Appetites to the next Bliſs they intend to impart to 'em: But if you, think ſo, I muſt take the Liberty to tell you, you are much miſtaken, for you muſt know we Wits have our intervals of Dulneſs, as mad Men have now and then their Lucid inter-

missions; and altho' I can assure you I enjoy the Benefit of Mens sana in Corpore sano, *as much as any Clergy-man that gives his Lungs a breathing twice a week at his Parish-Church, yet, like them, I cannot altogether excuse my self from being subject to that fatal Distemper, called the Drunken Stupidity, in which Disease* Morpheus *must be allow'd to be a better Physician, than your old Friend* Case, *or the unborn Doctor; therefore I would have you believe, that irresistible Temptation, the Bottle, drew me into the Sin of Negligence, and made me either very unwilling, or else incapable of obliging you: But however, now I am thorowly awaken'd, and begin to reflect on my past Forgetfulness, I am resolved to endeavour to divert you for the future with more Constancy.*

WE are credibly inform'd, the Czar of *Muscovy* is so highly Enrag'd at his late Overthrow, that he is resolved to turn Pagan in Opposition to all Christianity; and is so angry with his Clergy, that their Prayers for his Success have been ineffectual, that he has threaten'd the Heads of some, and the Testicles of others, to the great Lamentation of the female Sex, throughout his whole Territories.

Coffee-house Politicians are at a great Puzzle about the present Affairs of *Europe*. The Treaty of Partition, a War or no War.

The

The new King of *Spain*, and the new Parliament; being all the Subject of the Evening Tittle-tattle, about which many a fools Bolt will be ſoon ſhot, and many a wiſe Man confounded.

It may be eaſily foreſeen, without the Conſultation of the Stars, that Watermen till next Term, will have little elſe to do, than to play at Slap-at-depouch in their Boats to warm their Fingers, or elſe drink in Alehouſes, till they be Drunk, and then for want of better Employment, baſt one another with their unmerciful Stretchers.

*I*mpetuous Storms may be reaſonably expected before the Winter is over, eſpecially in thoſe Families where the Wives wear the Breeches; and ſuch loud Winds will be apt to ariſe in and about the City of *London*, that many houſes will be untiled, and the poor Cuckold whirled out of Doors, that the Coaſt may be clear for ſome Iriſh Pentioner; alſo Aches in the Shoulders will be much complain'd of amongſt divers marry'd Women, who have ſurly Knaves to their Huſbands; and many a wrangling Diſpute ariſe in the bleſſed State of Matrimony, that never will be decided till Death part the Diſputants.

Maids this Winter will be troubled with ſtrong Stiches about the Girding place? which Diſeaſe will principally proceed from their Situation in Supinity, and many a

marry'd

Gentleman will be troubled with ſuch a dimneſs of Sight, that they will make but ſmall Diſtinction between their own Wives and their Chamber-maids.

It will certainly prove a hard Winter with many Scholars, for though they Study much, they are likely to gain but little; they will be apt to carry more Wit in their Pates, than Silver in their Breeches. Dunces ſhall prove more Wealthy than Doctors, inſomuch, that ſundry unletter'd Sots ſhall ſerve themſelves into the Miniſtry, if the provident Care of Reverend Biſhops don't juſtle them aſide.

Butchers, though they have been dragg'd up amongſt black Cattle, if they have not a Care, will find Horns hurtful to 'em; and ſome ſhall be ſo Wedded to Swines-fleſh, that they will never be without a Sow in their Houſes, ſo long as they continue in the State of Matrimony.

Many Tokens of the Horn-plague, will very ſuddenly appear upon divers Citizens, who have celebrated Beauties to their Wives, and deal cheifly with Courtiers. 'Tis likely to prove an ugly Diſtemper, and will greatly affect both the Head and the Heart of thoſe Patients it afflicteth; 'twill be to ſome as troubleſome a Diſtemper, as the Small-pox, tho' not ſo mortal; and will make 'em ſo wilfully weak-ſighted, that they wont forbear winking at their

Wives

Wives failings, or will they be able to discern their own Unhappiness, till the Pestilence of Cuckoldom, which their Heads catch from the Tails of their Help-mates, brings their whole Families into a deep Consumption.

From *Jan.* 13. to *Jan.* 20.

Gentlemen,

S*Hould a Leviathan swim up to* Cuckolds-point, *a Porpus be catch'd as high as* Lambeth-*house; or a Blazing Star appear within our Horizon, I could from these or such-like Prodigies, amaze the World with Astrological Judgments grounded upon some Authority; or should a Physician go ten Miles in his Coach to see a pennyless Patient; a Lawyer without a Fee, talk till he sweats in a Pauper's Cause; or a rich Parson when he dyes, leave all he has to the Poor of his Parish; these would be most miraculous Signs of some wonderful Revolution, and well worthy of an Astrologer's Conjectures: therefore when any thing happens that is strange or remarkable, you may be sure of my Opinion concerning it, given* Secundum Artem: *till then I can only Entertain you with ordinary Predi-*

ctions

ctions, for common Causes produce common Effects.

I Can plainly foresee the Sons and Daughters of Iniquity, will never have done riding through the filthy Roads of Adultery and Fornication, as long as Tavern-chairs are able to carry double; and many will so grievously gaul themselves, though it be a short Journey, that they will be forc'd to take the same Physick as Sinners do, for a *Gonorrhœ Virulent*, before they will be cur'd.

Many political Reports will be scattered abroad within this three Months, concerning foreign Affairs, which will greedily be believ'd as true as the Gospel, tho' as false as the Devil. Fears and Jealousies of some Courtiers will make the Citizens Beards wag over their Coffee, like Clock-work-Drummers over the *Hospital-gate* in *Bartholomew-fair* time; and cause many a tatling Mechanick to say ill things of some Folks, whilst their Wives at home are doing as bad with others. Broken Officers will renew their Courage with the hopes of a new War, whilst Merchants upon Change shall look as dull as a cast Client, through despair of Trade.

When Misers begin to grow Charitable, and Courtiers as good as their words, Taylors

lors will begin to make honeſt Bills, and Exciſe-men do Juſtice between the King and the Subject. When Flatterers ſpeak as they think, and Hypocrites ſerve Heaven with Sincerity, then ſhall Tally-men forſake their Knavery, and Strumpets their Impudence, and the World turn honeſt all of a ſudden to Mankind's Amazement; Contention ceaſe, to the Lawyers undoing, and the Black-Liſt want Names to the great diſſatisfaction of the Reforming Society.

It may be greatly fear'd the Nation in general, will in a little time be very much troubled with the Megrims; inſomuch, that he muſt be a ſound Man in Condition, as well as in Conſtitution, that will be able to ſtand on his own Legs, without four Hundred and *&c.* to ſupport him; for Wars, or Rumors of Wars, will make People as dizzy as a Cat, whoſe Fore-head has been rub'd by the heavy Hand of a Porter; and Fears and Jealouſies will make us too apt to lip out of the Frying-pan into the Fire, if not prudently prevented.

Women, in ſpight of Prayers twice a day, and two good Sermons on a *Sunday*, will for this preſent Year, as well as in all times hereafter, become leſs Vertuous, as they grow more Cunning, prove greater Hypocrites as they ſhew more Piety, ſlight thoſe moſt, that Love 'em beſt, and ſurely make Fools of all ſuch Wiſe-akers as are ſilly enough to let 'em.

The

The Black Jaundice of Ingratitude, will be a reigning Diſtemper amongſt ſuch Men, who have much Wealth and no Wiſdom, large Purſes and little Conſciences; inſomuch, that you may do twenty Kindneſſes to one Man, before you receive one from any Man; oblige every Body, till you have found Honeſty in no Body; and part with many a Pound of true Sterling, before you will purchaſe one Grain of true Friendſhip.

When every Man in this World has according to his Deſert, many will be taken out of their Coaches and put into Carts; ſome tumble from the B---- to the Bar, and many be caſt from the P-----t, and put to the Paring-ſhovel; whilſt ſome others, on the contrary, ſhall ſhift off their Rags, and be put into Robes, change their Poverty for Plenty; and the Injur'd will enjoy that to which they have Right and Title; then will the Miſery of Iniquity be laid open without Law, and Mankind have Juſtice done 'em without Bribery; and he that has Patience to wait till the Sky falls to catch Larks, will ſurely find theſe things happen when the World's turn'd topſy-turvy.

She that has a Sot to her Husband, will find ſhe has a Beaſt to her Bedfellow; and he that Marries my Ladies Chamber-maid, will go near to have a Slut to his Wife; ſhe

that's

that's an ill Woman before ſhe is Marry'd, will prove worſe after, if ſhe repents not heartily of her Sins; but he that Marries her will prove the beſt Husband that repents the leaſt of his Folly: Some impatient Cuckolds will be ſo chollerick and haſty, that a Neighbour won't dare to ſay Horns within his hearing, without the hazard of having his Head broke with a Paring-ſhovel, whilſt other tame Cornutoes bear their Antlets with ſo little concern, that a Man may cry Cuckow at his Shop-door without affronting him.

He that goes into *Smithfield* on any *Fryday* in the Year, muſt be a Man of very ſtrong Sight, that will be able to diſcern a Horſe-courſer from an arrant Knave; and he that goes into *Long-lane* on any Work-day in the Week to buy Cloaths, will have as hard a matter to eſcape being Cheated.

Whilſt the Thaw laſts, it will be much eaſier ſleeping in a warm Bed at Midnight, than riding Poſt to *Canterbury*; and a Freeholder that goes into the Field to chuſe P-------t-Men, will be much more ſafe with a two Penny Oaken Cudgel in his Hand, than a Groatſworth of addled Eggs in his Pocket. He that has a W----e to his Wife, an Extravagant to his Son, and a Thief to his Servant, is in a fair way to be undone, without himſelf lending a Helping-hand to the mattet; and the poor Client that is ruin'd

in

in *Westminster*-hall, will never count a Lawyer an honest Man, as long as two to one shall be thought Odds at Foot-ball.

From Jan. 20. *to* Jan. 27.

Gentlemen,

SINce, without much Vanity, I can warrant my Predictions as Infallible, as the thrice Croaking of a Raven over a House-top, the Screaming of a Weasel in the Chamber of sick Patient, or the Chirping of a single Cricket in a Chimney-corner, which are all look'd upon as melancholy Omens of some succeeding Evil that will attend the Family; Why should not I, that can foresee the merry Occurrences of the Town, as well as any Mother Shipton, *and can foretel the Follies and Knaveries of Mankind, much better than a Death-watch can the sad Exit of a languishing Mortal, take the liberty of Publishing my Prognostications, since I hope they propose no other Reward, than now and then to be Laugh'd at?*

I could heartily wish, Gentlemen, for your sakes, my Paper was as full of Wit, as a Hog's Pudding is full of Oat-meal, or an old Pedagogue full of Latin Scraps; and then perhaps it would relish with you as well, and

prove

prove as pleaſant, as a Meſs of Leek-porridge to a hungry Welſh-*man, or a Bottle of ſmall Beer to a droughtby Drunkard; but we ſcribling Aſtrologers, you muſt know, are better Husbands of our Wit, than Criticks are of their Cenſures, and let them out by ſundry ſmall Parcels, as Uſurers do their Money, the Hazard being the leſs, and the Advantage the greater: So that we take care to cut you out juſt a Penniworth for your Penny, and hope every reaſonable Reader, will accordingly be ſatisfied.*

A Bundance of Female-Hippocrites, who have the *Practice of Piety* laid open upon their Dreſſing-table, will be obſerv'd by their Chamber-maids to be very Extravagant, laying out ſuch large Sums of Time in new White-waſhing their Faces, that they will begin their Work in their Beds betimes in the Morning, and will not have ended their Diabolical Task, till a little before Dinner-time; yet will be ſeen at Church, as often as at the Play-houſe; and will be heard much louder than the Clark, in their Reſponſes to the Parſon.

When he that ſtands for a Repreſentative, hears nothing of his Faults, then ſhall Silence put a Padlock upon the Mouths of the Rabble, and a Man's Enemies be deaf to all manner of Calumny; but that will never happen *Weſtward*, whilſt double

Fines and Ginger-bread are hit in the Teeth of a great Man in the Law, and a Box and Dice are rattled in the Ears of a great Gamester, and a Courtier.

When Religion, without Interest, is Preach'd up for the Lord's sake only, and Courtiers mind the Welfare of the Publick, and pay their Debts without many Importunities, then shall the People of *England* be all one Opinion: Women forsake their Pride; Tradesmen forbear Lying in their Shops; and Libertines, before Thirty, renounce the Flesh and the Devil: But he that intends to be an Eye-witness of these happy Revolutions, must be arm'd, and live beyond the Age of *Methusalem.*

Shakespere and *Ben. Johnson*'s Ghosts, will in a little time pay a Visit to both Playhouses; and if their Fury be not appeased by a fair Promise of a new Regulation of their Stages, with Scorpion Rods, borrowed from the Furies, they will whip the *Barnet* Mimick and the *French* Tumblers out of both Houses, and convince the Spectators, a good old Play is a better Entertainment for a sensible Audience, than a modern Farce with *Bartholomew-fair* Sauce to it; and that a good Moral Speech, is far more Edifying than the Braying of an Human Ass; and the neat Contexture of a good Plot, far more delightful than the Flip-flap, or the double Summerset.

When

When diſaffected Stateſmen pelt a ſinking Government with Libels, and the Rabble refuſe to believe 'em, then ſhall News-Papers report nothing but Truth, and the griſly ſober Citizen forbear to read 'em. But theſe things will never come to paſs, as long as there's a Flatterer at Court, a Cuckold in the City, a whimſey-headed Fool within a Stone's Caſt of *Greſham*-Colledge, and a Pack of Knaves within a Bow's Shot of *Leaden-hall* Market.

When Aſtrologers dare tell ſome ſort of Truths, without the Danger of being puniſh'd, a miſterious Way of Speaking will be laid aſide, and many a great Man's Picture would be drawn in plain *Engliſh*. But till then, you muſt ſay, And pleaſe your Honour, to ſome high Knaves; Your Ladiſhip, to ſome great Wh---s, whilſt the little Rogue ſhall be hang'd, and the poor Strumpet whip'd, for offending againſt thoſe Laws which the other bid Defiance to.

Tho' the Weather be cold, the hot Plague of Luſt will be very brief among Chamber-maids and Exchange-wenches, who are young and fair, but have no Portions; are of ripe Years to be marry'd, but can get no Body to have 'em; and pine under the Green-ſickneſs for want of ſome Body to cure 'em. Many a Citizen's Plump-cheek'd Daughter would go near to fall un-

der the ſame Misfortune, were it not that the Smoch-fac'd 'Prentice us'd the natural Expedient for preſerving her Complexion. And for ought I know, ſome forward Ladies of higher Quality, would oftner fall in Love with Oat-meal, Wall and Cinders, did not young Smell-ſmock, the Page, ſtand between her and the Diſtemper.

Great Fears and Jealouſies will ariſe amongſt our Proteſtant Neighbours, about a Popiſh Incurſion; and many good Chriſtians in *England*, will be ſo over Charitable, that they will ſhow a great Forwardneſs of taking the Burthen off their richer Neighbours Backs, to bear it upon their own poor Shoulders; and uſe the utmoſt of their Endeavours to procure the Nation's Conſent to fling the Helve after the Hatchet. But I can pretty well foreſee by ſome good Planetary Influences, that the Bank of *Amſterdam*, the *Rheniſh*-wine Fat at *Hidleberg*, and the *Dutch* Proteſtant Religion, will be all render'd ſafe without ſuch an expenſive Aſſiſtance from *England*, as ſome of our over-amicable Friends are willing to afford 'em.

Men, we ſhall find in a little time, will become Wolves, or worſe Creatures: Country Gentlemen ſhall eat up the induſtrious Farmers; Citizens the Country Gentlemen; Courtiers the Citizens; the Uſurer the poor Houſe-keeper, and the Devil the Uſurer.

Crafty-

Crafty-headed Men ſhall feed on the Handy-Craftſmen; Lawyers ſhall ſwallow their Clients, and many of 'em be ſuddenly choak'd with a bad Cauſe; Scriveners ſhall cram down young Heirs, as if they were roaſted Green-Geeſe, or fat Woodcocks; and Bayliffs ſhall ſnap up poor Debtors, as faſt as a Glutton does Shrimps and Oiſters at a Fiſh-dinner.

When Hog's-Fleſh is belov'd in *Scotland*, as much as Whore's Fleſh is in *England*, then ſhall the *Northern* Puritans renounce their Covenant, and ſtand up for Epiſcopacy: And when a *Welſh*-man rails againſt toaſted Cheeſe, and *Herefordſhire* Cyder, then ſhall an *Iriſh*-Poet write a Satyr againſt Uſquebaugh, and gain, *by my Shoul, dear Joy*, the Applauſe of his whole Country. But when theſe Wonders ſhall come to paſs, whoever can tell, muſt be the Devil of a Conjurer.

From Jan. 27. *to* Feb. 3.

Gentlemen,

THe Loftineſs of my Mind, made me climb, laſt Week to the top of the Monument where I gaz'd around me, like a Jack-Daw perch'd upon the Battlements of

a Church-steeple. And when I had justly admir'd the Immensity of the Heavens, and pleas'd my self with seeing many a Cuckold's Cat dance along the Ridge of his House, with as much Grace as a Dutch *Rope-dancer. I look'd down into the Streets, where I saw a Parcel of busie Mortals, running backwards and forwards, who seem'd to be dwindled into such little Knaves, that I fancy'd my self in* Prester John's *Country, mounted upon the Verticle Point of some over-grown Mole-hill; observing the Hurry and Confusion of a Race of Pigmies, who seem'd to be mudling and working one among another, like so many Maggots in a Tub of stinking Kitchen-stuff. When I had mus'd some time upon the sundry Objects I beheld, and look'd over* London, *like the Devil over* Lincoln, *I must confess, I had the ill Manners to turn my Breech upon the City, as a morose Cinich does his Back upon the gaudy Pomps and Vanities of the World, and fac'd about towards the River, which kept a Roaring as it run thro' the Arches, as if it was very angry with* London-bridge, *for obstructing its Passage. Every now and then, a Mortal or two pop'd thro' in white Shirts, with such unaccounted Celerity, that I thought Old Nick had been Playing at Nine-holes through the Arches of the Bridge, and instead of Bowls, made use of Watermen. Having thus, like a Sailor at Topmast-head, look'd round the* Horizon,

from

from the many Obſervations I made, both of things above me and below me, I may reaſonbly conclude, my following Predictions will prove much truer than the Marſhal Stories of an old Low Country Soldier, or a Marriner's ſtrange Report of Lapland *or* New England *Witches. If they do not, I will make Bum-fodder of* Ptolomy, *and condemn* Albumazar *to the Lining of Trunks, or Covering of Band-boxes.*

THere will be more Cunning in ſome Lawyers Chambers practis'd during the Term, than Plain-dealing us'd in all the Tally-mens Shops in *London* for a whole Year: Such opening of Green Bags, ſuch ruffling of Papers and Parchments, ſuch ratling of Pens and In-khorns, and ſuch a rangling Noiſe of Tongues will be heard in *Weſtminſter-hall*, that many a poor Client will be frighted out of all he has before the Hurry will be over.

The Taverns and Eating-houſes near the Inns of Courts and Chancery, for a Fortnight or three Weeks, will be ſo abominably peſter'd with Country Attorneys, that it will be as hard a matter for an honeſt Man to ſqueeze in amongſt 'em, for a Slice of *Chancery-lane* Pudding, or a *Fetter-lane* Dumpling, as 'tis for a Man of true Merit to joſtle into a Place at Court without Bribery. Many warm Diſputes will ariſe

amongſt the Lawyers during this cold Term, yet amongſt all the Arguments they uſe, they will give but few of their Honeſty. He, who by the Tallons of the Law, has been once claw'd till he feels the Smart on't, will rather chooſe to be Flogg'd with *French* Birch, and lie a Month under the Chyrurgion's Hands, than to be at the Expence of maintaining a Suit ſeveral Years in Chancery: No Man is ſure of having Right done him, as long as Witneſſes will be perjur'd; for many an ill Cauſe will be made good by bad Conſciences.

Many Widows, who follow their dead Huſband howling to Church, and at the Grave drill ſuch Showers of Sorrow from their Watry Eyes, will be better than half ſped of freſh Bed-fellows before the Burial-Ceremony will be fully over; eſpecially if they are but either Rich or Pretty in Illuſion; to which we have an old Adage, which ſays, No more Pitty to ſee a Widow Weep, than to ſee a Gooſe go Bare-foot.

Many who complain much of thoſe *Engliſh* Diſtempers, the Rhumatiſm and Scurvy, if they have not a ſpecial care of themſelves, will find 'em turn'd into the *French* P--- by the next Spring; therefore I would adviſe 'em to have Recourſe to me, or ſome other Phyſician, leſt their Diſeaſe ſhould lead 'em by the Noſe into publick Shame and Deriſion.

Young

Young Men will grow ſo covetous in that rampant Seaſon, the Spring, that they'll deſire to ſeize on every pretty Girl they come at; and old Leachers will grow ſo Luſty and ſo Wanton, that they will give twice more Money for a Maiden-head, than they will put into the Poors Box at an *Eaſter*-Offering. Batchelors Wives and Maids Children, will be brought under rare Diſcipline, notwithſtanding the old Proverb, *viz. That none knows how to tame a Shrow, but he that has her*; and more ſeeming Friendſhip may be had in a Houſe of Tranſgreſſion for a Crown, than at *Billingſgate*-Market for an ill Word, or at the Bear-garden for a box of the Ear.

Many People ſhall be troubled with ſuch a Dizineſs of Pate, ariſing from the Fumes of Wine and Taplaſh, that they will be abominably plagu'd with a forgetful Careleſneſs of their own Buſineſs; and abundance of ſottiſh Michanicks, in ſpite of Almanacks, will turn Worky-days into Holy-days; and many a City Shop-keeper's Wife, when her Huſband has ſhut up Shop, upon an Anniverſary, and ſuffers not his Servants to expoſe his Commodities, will, contrary to Mr. *Hide*, ſham her Spouſe's Knowledge, ſuffer her Ware to be tumbled and tous'd about by one who is rather a Partner than Cuſtomer and comes rather to Steal, than lay out any Money.

Porters,

Porters, in regard they are reputed Men of the beſt Underſtanding, ſhall in all burthenſome Difficulties, be truſted with the weightieſt Matter of the Kingdom; and notwithſtanding they drink abundance of ſtrong Drink, to make 'em light-hearted, yet ſhall it prove a heavy Year to 'em, in ſpight of Ale, Brandy and Tobacco. Fiddlers and Drummers will prove very troubleſome to new Marry'd People, inſomuch, that a Man can't Marry a Woman with a little Money, but preſently they make ſuch Noiſe about the Matter, that all the Town ſhall be acquainted with it; Players, tho' they ſeldom are, ought to be accounted Men of conſiderable Parts, and though they make almoſt every Day a Play-day, yet cannot they be reckon'd idle People, ſince they are commonly in Action; yet are they Perſons but of ſmall Conduct in their Affairs, for every time they go about their Buſineſs, they are put to their Shifts.

When St. *Athinaſius*'s Creed is believ'd by the ſuperfine holy People of *England*, without Scruple or Objection, then will the Revelations of St. *John* be expounded, and all that believe in *A*——*l*'s Doctrine, upon a due Proportion of Faith, enjoy, without Death, the Benefit of Tranſlation.

From

From Feb. 3. *to* Feb. 10.

Gentlemen,

AS I ſat laſt Week muſing in my Study, ſurrounded with many well-diſciplin'd Regiments of old Authors, whoſe Force I had ſtrengthen'd with ſome few Battalions of modern Pamphlets; I began, in a melancholy Fit, to fancy my ſelf as Great as ſome Confederate General at the Head of an Invincible Army, conſiſting of as many ſeveral Nations, as my Books were of divers Languages: But as my Senſes were thus deluded with this frenzical Piece of Vanity, I happen'd to have a ſolid Globe Cæleſtial hanging over my Head, which Minute Repreſentation of the Heavens, you cannot but know, is very uſeful for us Aſtrologers; and juſt as I was thinking to lay Siege to the Bank of Amſterdam, *what the Globe hung by, happen'd to give way, and down it came upon my Head, with ſuch an inſupportable Weight, that it knock'd me out of my Chair, and laid me ſprawling, like a* Greſham-*Colledge* Vertuoſo *practiſing to Swim npon a Table. When I came a little to my ſelf, and finding a worſe Pain in my Head than a Citizen troubled with Brow-antlets, I could no more forbear ſcratching my Ears at my Misfortune, than a Porter that has tum-*

bled

bled down with a Basket of full Bottles, or a hungry 'Prentice that has flung down a Plumb Pudding in carrying on't to the Bake-house: When the Anguish of the Blow was pretty well abated, an old Saying happen'd to revive it self in my Noddle, some thing applicable to my Mischance, That when the Sky falls we shall catch Larks: *But I had the who Heavens, the twelve Houses, and the Planets about my Ears at once, and all that I got, was a broken Head by the Bargain. This unlucky Plot on my* Pericranion, *you must needs think a wak'd me throughly from my melancholy Dream, and indeed occasion'd me to take into Consideration what might be the best Use I could make of this unhappy Accident, and found my Reason inclinable to believe, that my undertaking to Predict many Things without the Consultation of the Stars, had made the Heavens angry with me, and that they had sent a whole Army of Constelations upon my Head, with a design to knock my Brains out, as a Revenge for the Affront. Upon which, I resolv'd for the future, to go more methodically to Work; and taking up my Globe, after I had turn'd it about and about, as a Cat will do a Ball, or a Monkey a Cocoa-nut, I found by my Observation of the Stars, these following Wonders will very speedily happen; if not, I shall be well satisfied for the future, the Planets know no more of the Matter than the Man in the Moon.*

Un-

UNlucky Birds ſhall foul their own Neſts, and *Engliſh*-Men ſhall rail againſt *Engliſh*-Men, to the Shame of themſelves, and Scandal and Contempt of their own Native Country; pretending to teach us how to behave our ſelves well to Strangers, by a baſe Example of behaving our ſelves ill one to another; which might be thought paſſable Doctrine from a *Dutch* Trooper, ſent back by the Laws of the Land into his own Country; but ought to be look'd upon by all true-born *Engliſh*-Men, as a Scandalous Undertaking of an *Engliſh* Poet, who juſtly deſerves Puniſhment inſtead of Praiſe, for ſo Rediculous a Labour.

When a Pamphlet, Entitul'd, *The Stock-jobber*, &c. ſhall be prov'd ſo plainly true, as to convince the Publick, then will it be high time for the People of *England* to begin to look about 'em, leſt their Religion, Liberties and Properties, are ſacrific'd to the Avarice and Ambition of ſome mercenary Senators, who prefer *Mammon* to the Diety, and eſteem their own private Intereſt and Safety before the common Security of Mankind, and publick Welfare of the Nation; but as the old Woman ſaid, when her Prieſt told her of the Jews ill Uſuage to our Saviour, In Grace of God it may'n't be true; and then we are more afraid than hurt, and ſhall have no Occaſion, I hope, but

but to think well of thoſe who are elected as the Guardians of the Kingdom to ſecure its Happineſs.

Abundance of two-leg'd Caterpillars this Year, ſuch as Petty-foggers, Flatterers, Brokers, Tally-men, and mercenary Cuckold-makers, ſhall feed upon the Sweat of other Mens Brows, and bring many poor Families to Beggary, unleſs a *Notherly* Blaſt of Heaven's Vengeance happen to clear the Land of ſuch deſtructive Vermin. And if my Judgment fail me not, the Ingratitude of Vintners and Victuallers will be as much complain'd on amongſt negligent Sots and extravagant Tiplars, as the Knavery of ſome Lawyers and Money-Scriveners, will be rail'd againſt by ſuch as have been Sufferers by the Law, or have Mortgag'd their Eſtates for Quarter of the Worth, and have at laſt been trick'd out of the ſame for half the Value.

Many brave Spirits, and worthy Men of ſingular Merit, ſhall in a little time be ſo ungratefully dealt by, that for their great Services, and magnanimous Atchievements, they ſhall be recompenc'd with a *Belliſarian* Alms, and have the Eyes of their Reputation popt out by the infectious Fingers of Envy and baſe Neglect; and ſo caſt out of Favour, to make Room for thoſe who have more Confidence than Vertue, and more Cunning than Honeſty.

When

When a ſelf-conceited Beau thinks his Miſtreſs handſomer than himſelf, or the Eyes of a crooked Woman are open to her own Deformity, then ſhall Wits forbear railing one againſt another, and Beauties without Envy, commend one another's Perfections: But when theſe things happen; Uſurers ſhall build Churches with their Money, Lawyers plead heartily without a Fee, and Honeſty at Court be practis'd more than Flattery.

When the Hands of the *Scotch* Highlanders are as free from the Itch, as their Hearts are from Loyalty, then ſhall the Buſineſs of *Blinco*, their Diſſettlement at *Darien*, and their Charter for an *Eaſt-India* Company, be utterly bury'd in Oblivion; and when their *Scotch* Senate Vote to ſtand by the Government of *England* againſt *France* and *Spain*, with their Lives and Fortunes, then ſhall the Snake lift up his Head above the Graſs, and ſhow himſelf ſo plain to the Wiſdom of *England*, that we ſhall truſt 'em juſt as far upon their freſh Aſſurance of Fidelity, as a good Chriſtian would the Devil, becauſe he appeared to him in a Saint's Apparel.

The

The Character of a true Born *Dutch* SKIPPER.

BEgot on Board some Fly-boat, Ship or Hoy,
That did at Anchor safe in Harbour lie;
Nurs'd up with Burgooe, Herrings, Scate and Cod,
Which gave an Ottor's Nature to his Blood:
Whose muddy Streams move slow, and are so cold,
He must have Brandy to be Warm or Bold;
Bred up to Business, suited to his Mettle,
To swob the Deck, hand Sail, and Cook the Kettle.
When four times seven Years he's din'd and sup'd
On Fish, and Grout (then as he long has hop'd)
He Rules a Wooden World, wherein he first was pup'd:
With a Thrum Cap he struts upon the Deck,
And has his lousie Subjects at his Beck:
But when on Shore, he like a Monster seems,
Walks like a Cow, and looks as if he dreams;
His sandy Whiskers, he doth well become,
Turn'd up with Snivil oft instead of Gum:
Does little good on Land, yet thinks no harm,
Keeps Hands in Pockets, Glove beneath his Arm:
A senseless Fashion which our Beaus think fine,
Dull English *Calves to imitate* Dutch *Swine.*

From Feb. 10. *to* Feb. 17.

Gentlemen,

OUR Horizon last Week, by a more than ordinary Agitation of the Wind, being clear'd of all Clouds and condenc'd Vapours, that often hinder us from the plea-

sing

ſing Sight of thoſe glorious Conſtellations that ſhine above us, I was tempted by the Brightneſs of the Heavens one Night, to walk as far as Lamb's *Conduit with my Quadrant, Teleſcope, and Nocturnal, to Delight my Senſes as well as Improve my Judgment, with an Hour's Star-gazing: When I was advanc'd far enough in the Fields to make a clear Horizon to the* Northward, *I clap'd my Rump againſt the Poſt of a Stile, to keep my Body the more ſteddy, and elevating my Teleſcope to my right Eye, I began to play at* Bo-peep *with the Planets, like any Country Conjurer. I had not been long enough at my Heavenly Exerciſe, to diſcover how many Spokes were in one of the Wheels of* Charles's *Wain, or to tell how many Sticks were bundled up in the Man of the Moon's Foggot; but a Milk-Maid croſſing the Fields to Pindar of* Wakefield, *aſk'd me what I was looking at: It put me, I confeſs, to a Puzzle at the preſent, to anſwer her Impertinence; but after a little Deliberation; I told her by way of Banter, that* Mars *and* Venus, *with the reſt of the Planetary Gods and Goddeſſes, had got the* Dogſtar *in a Halter, and were going to Bait the little Bear in the* North, *and that within a quarter of an Hour there would be as good Sport in the Heavens, as ever was ſeen at the* Bear-garden. *Pray, Sir, ſays ſhe, let me have the handling of yonr long Thing a little, that I may look*

thro' and ſee ſome of the Paſtime. Upon which, willing to oblige Jugg Handle-tet, *I lent her my Inſtrument, (I mean not that of Generation) and when ſhe had peep'd thro' it about half a quarter of an Hour, as intentively as any* Fl-mſt-d, *I aſk'd her what ſhe could ſee? To which the Baggage reply'd, Nothing, but that you Star-gazers are a Pack of Lying Knaves, and that they are a Parcel of ſilly Fools who give any Credit to your Sayings. This ſharp Reflection on my Profeſſion, put me not a little to the Bluſh, and ſtruck me as Dumb as a ſtark mad Lover, ſilenc'd by a Negative Anſwer from his Miſtreſs, ſo that 'was as much as ever I could do from that Night's Obſervations, to calculate the following Predictions, which I have given to divert you.*

WE ſhall have abundance of lying, as well as flying Reports, ſcatter'd abroad amongſt us, by ſome who have more Craft than Honeſty, on purpoſe to try the Weakneſs and Credulity of the common People: Some concerning ſtrange Hairy Monſters as tall as a May-pole, and as big bout as a Brewer's Copper; as wild as an *Arabian* Boar, as ravenous as a Wolf, and as ſtrong as an Elephant, that bears a Caſtle on his Back; taken the Lord knows where, by God knows who, and carry'd the Devil knows whither.

Other

Other Stories of Strange Armies ſeen in the Skies, ſome accourter'd with ſhort Cloaks and long Spada's, with huge Snuſh-boxes in their Hands, and a Clove of Garlick in their Months, as if they were *Spaniards*. Others in ragged Coats, with nimble Heels, and more nimble Tongues, Cutting of Capers, and Whiſtling of Minuets, with a brown *George* in one Hand, and a Wiſp of Dandelion in t'oher, as if they were *French*. Others with Carrot Hair and freckled Faces, rubbing their Elbows and ſcratching their Knuckles in Plads and Bonnets, with a Bag of Oat-meal by their ſides, as if they were *Scotch*. Other huge luſty Fellows, with broad Faces, flat Noſes, and no Brains, with a Pouch full of Tobacco-duſt, and a Bag full of Potatoes flung croſs their Shoulders, mumbling their *Pater Noſter*, telling their Beads, and running away in their Brouges as if the Devil were behind 'em, looking as if they were *Iriſh*. Others Damning and Sinking in bloody-colour'd Coats, with a Lump of Bag-pudding in one Hand, and a piece of powdered Beef in the other, running headlong into Danger, without Fear or Wit, as if they were *Engliſh*. Others half Drunk, looking like brawny Slovens, with yellow Whiſkers, and brown Skins, in white Coats, with red Herrings in their Hands, and Brandy-bottles at their Girdles, ſtanding a loof off of all Danger,

resembling the *Dutch*. These and such like kind of Stories, will be impos'd upon the Publick, by News-makers and News-papers, that some Folks may know the better how to carve out News for the Multitude, that may be cleverly swallow'd without Kecking.

The Rise and Fall of Guineas being prevented by Act of Parliament, the Devil's principal Agents upon Earth, called *Stock-jobbers*, will be as busy about lowering of *French* Gold, and starting other new Projects to cheat the Publick, as ever a Pack of City-Knaves were in Cozening the Orphans of their Patrimony, till they have got most of the Lewi'd'Ores into their own Clutches, and then the Publick will see they will find a way to make 'em go currant at their former Value, with many Thousand Pounds Gain into their own Pockets; therefore if the Town is not as cautious as these Sharpers are cunning, Knavery will thrive, and send Honesty a begging.

There is a fine Picture, relating to the Charitable Sir Some-body, which hangs up against St. *Sepulchre*'s Church-yard-wall, and a fine Speech relating to the same worthy Citizen, at the latter End of the *True-born Englishman*; from which opposite Representations, I can plainly foresee many warm Disputes will arise between his Friends and his Enemies, about which of the

Courtier, wallowing in the Embraces of an old Alderman's young Quiddle-doodle. Have I catch'd you, thought I: Marry, if Drinking and Whoring are practical Delights among Gods and Goddeſſes, well may poor Mortals, who are ſubject to the Influence of your Debaucheries, have an irreſiſtible Propenſity to oblige Nature with now and then a Taſte of the like pleaſant Recreations. Having thus diſcover'd, Secundum Artem, *the remote Cauſe that had fermented my Blood into this Venereal Ebolition, I retir'd into my Study, where from ſeveral Celeſtial Obſervations, as well as thoſe already mentioned, according to the Infallible Rules and Judgement of Aſtrology, I have hereafter foretold, in this preſent Paper, many ſtrange, but true things, that ſhall come to paſs in* futuro.

THE preſent Juncture of Affairs will go near to require a Standing Army by Land, as well as a Fleet at Sea; and the Country Wenches will be ſo Inamoured with Scarlet Cloth, that they will run after a Soldier, like a *Turkey*-Cock after a Woman in a red Petticoat: For the Word *Standing*, will be of ſuch Efficacy, that Ladies of all ſorts, from the Commode to the blew Apron, will be ready to lye down before any of the Marſhal Youths, that are honour'd with ſo ſtiff an Epithite.

If we happen to have a War, abundance of poor *Engliſh* People, who are ready to go bare-foot will be mightly afraid of wearing Wooden-ſhooes, if *France* ſhou'd get the better; and many grave old Hypocrites, who have neither a Dram of Religion, or on Acre of Church-Land, will be as wonderfully fearful of the ſad Bugbear Popery, as a Squirrel is of the ſound of a Drum; but I can poſitively foretel 'em, they will be more afraid than hurt, and that they need not doubt but ſtill to enjoy their Poverty, Ignorance, and Name of Religion, without the Danger of any Interruption from our Enemies; for God be thank'd, we have Wealth, Strength and Courage enough within the Nation, with good Managment, to compleat our Safety.

Thoſe City-Sweeteners, call'd Stockjobbers, begin to look as peeviſh and as pale upon the ſudden fall of *Eaſt India*-Stock above forty *per Cent.* as a Parcel of Petty-fogging Sollicitors in the middle of a long Vocation; or like a Horn-mad Cuckold, under a Courſe of Phyſick Clap'd by his own Wife, that you may know 'em as well upon Change by their diſpirited Countenances, as you may a Jew by his ſigmatur'd Caſt, an *Iriſh*-men by his Ignorance, or a *Dutch*-man by his boariſh Deportment. Theſe are the City Kites that devour the heedleſs Chickens; the Brambles that tear part of the Fleece off

off every Sheeps Back they lay hold on; the Sharks that prey upon the more innocent Fiſh; the Wolves that devour the Lambs; the private Enemies to the publick Welfare; who if they can but advance and lower Stocks as will beſt ſerve their own Purpoſe, care not if Peace, Liberty, Religion, and all that conduces to the common Safety of Mankind, were running headlong to the Devil; but now they are moſt of them caught in the Snares they laid for others, (it is believ'd) and hop'd, the Scene of Affairs will ſo alter, that they will ſome of them ſtink worſe than a Pole-cat in a Warriner's Trap, if an unexpected Providence don't favour 'em.

Country Attornies will fly as faſt to their rural Habitations now the Term's over, as the Heard of Swine did towards the Sea, when the Devil was in 'em; thoſe that came hither with full Pockets, will go near to return empty; and moſt of them will take care, eſpecially *Yorkſhire* Scribes, to carry no more Honeſty out of Town, than they brought along with 'em. Tho' the Term be over, yet Lawyers will have great knocking at their Chamber-doors for above this Fortnight by importunate Duns, whoſe Viſits will be far more troubleſome, than the Teaze of a Pauper-Client, Taylors, Periwig-makers, Drapers, Hatters, Sword-cutlers, and Shooe-makers, will ply as thick

in

in the Sair-cases of Inns of Court and Chancery, as *Greenwich* Water-men at *Billingsgate*, or the sooty Fraternity at *Cheap-side* Conduit; but I can tell 'em this for their Comfort, (by the help of the Stars) that two Whores will have Admittance before one Creditor.

The godly Season next Lent, will make the Devil to do amongst the Fish-women at *Billingsgate*; insomuch, that the well-bred Language of Barren-sow, Whore, Pimp, and Cuckold, may be had by Whole-sale, much cheaper than Oysters; and good Words will be more difficult to be got for Money, than Plaice, Flounders, and Whitings. All sorts of Fish will be as plentiful and cheap, as Whores at the fourth Act in either of the Play-houses; but good Manners will prove as scarce a Commodity, as Silence at a Christening.

Poets, who ought to be Vertue's Crutches to support the Lame Lady from falling tothe Ground, when Vice has crippled her, will be apt this Year (as they have done for many) to give the feeble Gentlewoman the slip; so that I plainly foresee she will never be able to hold up her Head, whilst she has none else but such broken Reeds to depend on; therefore if the State does not take care to repair her injur'd Innocence, our Posterity will find, as well as our selves, to the sorrow of all good Christians,

and

and the great Joy of the Devil and his Angels, that ſhe'll be trampled under foot, and render'd hereafter incapable of ever riſing; ſo that we ſhall have Swearing for nothing, Whoring as cheap as Neck-beef, Knavery be eſteemed as commendable Ingenuity, and Drinking to Exceſs, to be the only Talent of a Gentleman; then will Play-houſes be as common as Meeting-houſes, that is two to one Church, and the Proteſtant Religion, inſtead of a Bay Tree, flouriſh like a Pumkin on a Dung-hill.

A Satyr againſt a Fart. *Written by an* Iriſh-*Man*,

FOh, by my Shoul, thou art a beaſtly Word,
Spoke by a naſty A--ſe, whoſe Brains are T--d;
The Mouth thou com'ſt from, is a ſtinking Gut,
Deel tauke mine Ears, but they did ſmell thee out:
Hubboo, I wiſh thee bury'd above Ground,
By Creeſht, my Noſe is poyſon'd with the Sound;
Wert thou a Man, with dis big Haſhel Stick,
I'd cut thy Troat fora damn'd Heretick;
Deel tauke thy Body for a poiſnous Blaſt,
Thou'rt gone, 'Gad thou ſtink'ſt too long to laſt.

From

From Feb. 24. *to* March 3.

Gentlemen,

IT's as natural for we Star-gazers, to give our selves a little Light into the dark Mystery of Physick, as 'tis for a Dancing-master to scrape upon the Violin, or a Noble Man's House-keeper to understand Pickling and Preserving; and the only Reason I conceive why Astrologers have so great a Propensity to the Knowledge of Medicine, is, that our Ptolomean *Fraternity very wisely consider, that the Title of Doctor is more Reputable, than that of Conjurer; for by one or the other, we are most commonly distinguish'd. I have therefore, like a cunning Angler, thought it my best Way to bait two Hooks, the one to catch sick Fools, who want Health more than Wealth, and the other to allure such dissatisfied Wise-akers, who fling away their Money, to know that which no Body can tell 'em: Professing thus both Physick and Astrology, as I was the other Day sitting in my Study, tumbling over some old musty Receipts that were left me by my Grand-mother; a Female Patient Mask'd, wrapt up in a Velvet Hood and Scarf, came and thump'd at my Door with as much Authority, as a poor Cuckold at Midnight*

Midnight, knocking for a Midwife at the Sign of the Cradle; my Man ſtepping to the Door, with an audible Voice, ſhe enquired for the Doctor; upon which I went down Stairs, and examin'd her Buſineſs, who in plain Words, told me, ſhe was Clap'd, and aſk'd me for what Money I'd undertake to Cure her; I told her, five Pounds: Confound you, ſays ſhe, for an old groping Fumbler, I have been a Trader in this Town almoſt this twenty Years, and never gave above a Guinea in my Life. Indeed, Madam, ſaid I, I cannot undertake the Cure for ſo inconſiderable a Sum. Well, ſays ſhe, I'll defer Phyſicking a little, and Kiſs on for a Fortnight or three Weeks longer, for the Benefit of your Profeſſion; and if you wont undertake me then for the Money I have offer'd, you are the moſt ungrateful old Tuzzy-muzzy Mender that ever handled Surringe; and away ſhe trip'd, without another Word, as nimbly out of my Doors, as a Town Lady early in the Morning out of a Temple Stair-caſe; after which I retir'd to my Study, and by the help of the Stars, compos'd the following Predictions.

THe Beards of Coffee-houſe Politicians will wag mightily, during this Seſſion of P------t; and every flying Gull, and fooliſh Impoſition, inſerted in the News-Papers, will go down as glib, with the Sippers of Ninny-broth, as a *White-Fryers* Falſity pub-

publiſh'd by ſham Authority, does oftentimes with the too credulous Multitude.

Great talk of ſtrange Plots will addle the Noddles of the Publick, and thoſe who are ſilly enough to believe the Reports of ill Deſigns, without good Grounds for it, tho' they are much more ſafe, are but very little wiſer than thoſe who are drawn into the Project, to be made a hanging Teſtimony to convince the World of the Truth therefore, who are apt, in ſuch Caſes, to be better confirm'd by a dying Convict, than a living Evidence.

It will be hard for a poor Man to be thought a good Man, or a rich Man an ill Man, in this Age; whilſt Men ſhall be eſteem'd Honeſt for their Wealth, much rather than their Vertues; and as for *Epictetus* or *Seneca*'s Morals, they are much talk'd of amongſt Shollars, but not half ſo much practis'd as *Machiavil*'s Politcks amongſt Courtiers; ſo that I fear in a little time, the World will be of an Opinion, that Religion and Intereſt, Riches and Honeſty, Greatneſs and Goodneſs, and Poverty and Knavery, are as inſeperable Companions, as Pride and Beauty in a Woman, or the Words Popery and Slavery in a true Proteſtant Addreſs.

When the Law finds out a Way to make Church-wardens honeſt, then will the Poor of *England* be well provided for; but as long as they meet at a Tavern over roaſted Alder-

men

men and raiſie Canary, to diſpatch Pariſh-buſineſs, which ought to be done in the Veſtry; and to one Shilling they give the Poor, put another into their own Pockets; well may ſuch truſty Officers grow Rich and Fat, and the Poor for want of their due Allowance, become ſo Lean and Louſie.

When Maids want an Itch after Matrimony, Women prove Obedient to their Huſbands, and Wh--rs faithful to their Keepers, then will the pious Work of Reformation go on as ſure, but as ſlow, as the goodly Structure of St. *Paul*'s; but as yet, according to all Appearance, notwithſtanding the Care of the Reforming Society, the holy Undertaking crawles like a Crab, and Mankind grow inſenſibly worſe and worſe for want of due Meaſures to recover the wicked World into the Paths of Vertue. But this will never be done, according to the old Proverb, that is, *By ſetting one Theif to catch another*; for if thoſe who are appointed to perſecute Vice, are not true Lovers of Vertue, abſtracted for all pecuniary Intereſt, the Work will never be carry'd on with that Sincerity that is neceſſary, nor ill Perſons daily corrected where Money ſhall Bribe off Puniſhment.

The Plague of Poverty in a little time will creep into many a Cuckold's Family, where the Wife wears the Breeches, inſomuch that the good Woman will rnn away to avoid the

the Contagion, and leave her poor Husband to be shut up in *Wood-street*, or the *Poultery*-Hospital; where it is ten to one, but he will at last Perish under this Beggarly Pestilence: Therefore the best Preservative againstt his Distemper, is, for him to keep the Staff in his own Hand; that is, dispatch his Business himself, and keep his Money in his own Counting-house, lest, tho' a Woman be Honest, she may want Prudence, or if seeming Predent, she may want Honesty: And let every Shop-keeper remember this, whoever has his Wife by the Heart, if it be in her Power, may, if he pleases, have the Money-box by the Handle.

The Character of a Barren Adultress.

HOT and Insatiable as the thirsty Sand,
That drinks all up, but is a fruitful Land;
So her dry Womb imbibes the Balmy Show'r,
Pleas'd with each Blissful Drop, still covets more,
And seems next Minute drouthy as before.
Swears to each labouring Slave, with whom she's free,
She knows no Mortal, but her Lord, and he:
Yet to the fond believing Cuckold, vows
No Man e'er Kist her but her own dear Spouse:
Barren her Womb, dissatisfy'd her Life,
A Lustful Mistress and a Faithless Wife.

FINIS.